

FEBRUARY 1, 1988

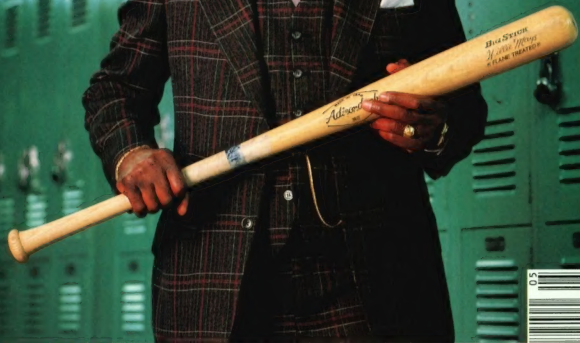
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TIME

The Best New
Mysteries

Is Getting
Tough the
Answer?

School Principal
Joe Clark
says yes—
and critics
are up in arms



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Pontiac Grand Prix

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Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme

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COVER: A tough city principal stirs a national debate over discipline and learning 52

The seismic clash between cocky, contentious Joe Clark of Eastside High and the Paterson, N.J., school board has catapulted a back-burner conversation among academics about the quality of urban schools into front-page and prime-time news. President Reagan says Clark has the right stuff. Most educators, however, believe the bat-toting principal swings too hard. See EDUCATION.



NATION: The primary race shifts from a beauty contest to a debate on economics 14

Budget realism becomes the test as the candidates stake out positions on taxes, trade and Social Security. ► Once again, Ronald Reagan will ask for a line-item budget veto. This year, more in Congress are listening. ► Eager to launch a refitted shuttle, NASA's contractors have let the schedule override safety concerns. ► In Utah, polygamists defy police in a log cabin siege.



BOOKS: The season's crime crop yields 65 mysteries in many guises and disguises

The settings range from an Indian hill station to funky downtown Detroit. The protagonists include a 12th century monk and a modern gay insurance investigator. No wonder crime fiction of-ten seems to be not one genre but many. Its best, most venture-some writers, like the players in *Hamlet*, perform in veins lyrical, tragic, comical and historical—and above all enjoyable.



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World

As the Sandinistas continue to wage peace in Central America, Washington braces for a crucial congressional vote on *contra* aid. ► Noriega stubbornly clings to power in Panama. ► Israel switches from bullets to beatings in attempting to control Palestinian unrest. ► Mozambique suffers under the double grip of famine and civil war.

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Economy & Business

Defying all expectations, health costs continue to soar. ► The Pentagon's new buyer. ► De Benedetti raids Belgium Inc.

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Sexes

Are women beginning to act like men in the workplace? The authors of a new book decry female rivalry and envy on the job.

48

Space

A Soviet cosmonaut recovers from a record 326-day mission in record time. ► Reagan okays high-resolution U.S. satellite photos.

68

Sport

Washington and Denver go this way and that to Super Bowl XXII. ► Requiem for Holmes. ► *Mandingo* and the Greek.

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Ethics

Should doctors use organs and tissue from brain-absent newborns and aborted fetuses to treat otherwise incurable diseases?

73

Essay

Everyone clamors for presidential candidates to espouse a vision of America's future. But is there really a vision in the house?

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Cover: Photograph by Joe McNally—Wheeler Pictures

A Letter from the Publisher

Sometimes an interview can be an exercise in, well, exercise. When *TIME* Correspondent Janice Simpson called Joe Clark, the controversial New Jersey high school principal, and asked him to sound off for this week's cover story on school discipline, Clark invited her to accompany him on his rounds. Off they went at break-neck speed, he with his infamous bullhorn in hand, she with her notebook. Clark strode swiftly along the corridors, swooping down to pick up stray scraps of paper and barking orders at his staff. When Clark finally sat down to talk, he remained hyperactive, bouncing out of his seat to make heartfelt points. After a dozen interviews with other educators in New Jersey, Simpson came away exhausted. "I'm not sure whether Joe Clark's way of dealing with troubled urban schools is the right way," she says. "But I'm sure it's the only way for Joe Clark."

Simpson knows the problems of inner-city schools firsthand, having grown up in New York City's Harlem. Her public-school teachers were "tough and demanding," she recalls, and steered her to academic success. She was then spotted by "A Better Chance," a privately funded program that selects what she describes as "poor but promising" students for private schools. She



Today's lesson: Simpson interviewing Joe Clark in his office

attended the Waynflete School in Portland, Me., then enrolled at Sarah Lawrence College.

Simpson's first job was with *Woman's Day*, where she reported "on a grab bag of subjects from Bibles to motorcycles." In 1975 she switched journalistic gears and moved to San Francisco for the *Wall Street Journal*. She joined *TIME*'s New York bureau in 1979, pausing to go back to school for a year as a Walter Bagehot Fellow in Economics and Business Journalism at Columbia University. There she specialized in Latin America, which won her an assignment covering Nicaragua.

Simpson returned to the *Journal* in 1986 to write about education but came back to *TIME* (permanently, we hope) two weeks ago. Based once more in New York City, she chases after a range of issues, including an educational system that she believes needs both some of Joe Clark's tough discipline and a lot of tender care. "After all," Simpson says, "we can't compete economically or find a cure for cancer or AIDS unless our young people—all of them—are given the skills."

Robert L. Miller

Once again the world is flat.

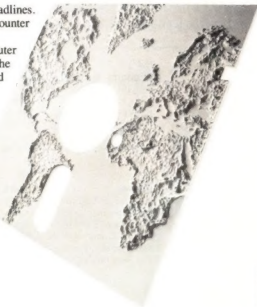
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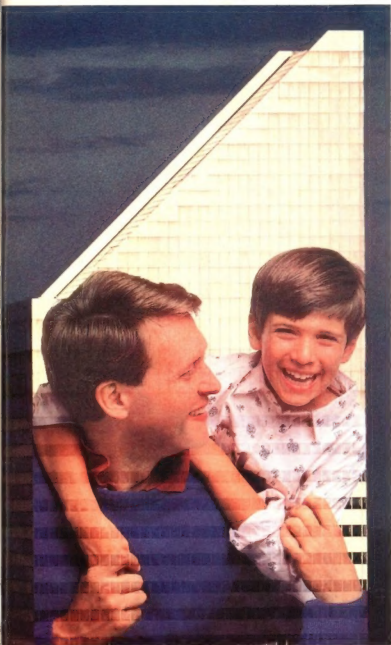
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NEWSQUEST

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Letters

'68 Remembered

To the Editors:

I am 43 years old. Thank you for taking me back 20 years to a zone in time when I was intellectually and spiritually more fulfilled [NATION, Jan. 11].

Robert J. Lane
Huntington Woods, Mich.



I remember sitting in my high school history class in 1980 discussing how the events of 1968 affected the whole country. My teacher, who was a graduate student at the time, said, "I honestly felt that the world was falling apart."

Michael J. Schengler
Des Peres, Mo.

If the symbol of America in 1968 was the street protester, in 1988 it is the dispossessed street person. As bad and crazy as 1968 was in some ways, there was more hope then than there is now in Reagan's America. For many, the peace and quiet of 1988 is simply numbing despair.

Stephen F. Rees
Abington, Pa.

The year 1968 elevated the consciousness by questioning the orthodoxy of racism and bureaucracy. Behind the violence of the demonstrations and the murders of great leaders, a generation strove for equality and fought for ideals. But the same people who protested the U.S. presence in Viet Nam remain silent about Reagan's war in Nicaragua. Maybe another 1968 is needed to end the injustice found under the present Administration.

Neslihan Karakus
Fort Worth

Your story on 1968 was interesting, but we need to put more emphasis on the negative aftermath of the '60s. Free and easy sex has been followed by the AIDS epidemic, the drug craze has brought death and corruption, and many of the lustful hippies turned into greedy yuppies. Since a significant number of today's problems originated in the activities

of the '60s, we would be well advised to remember all of that decade, not just our favorite events.

William P. Murphy
Gaithersburg, Md.

I was distressed that you wrote off the Viet Nam struggle as a war the U.S. "should not have been fighting in the first place." Roughly a million Vietnamese have fled their country, many ending up in the U.S. as refugees. A million or more innocent men, women and children died under the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia, and thousands of former South Vietnamese soldiers have been either shot or "re-educated." Considering the horrible suffering the people of Southeast Asia have endured since 1975, I am thoroughly perplexed by your reasoning.

Mike Waincott
Huber Heights, Ohio

Missing Music

Bravo to you for recognizing the plight of the contemporary composer and the resistance of symphony orchestras to play anything except the old favorites [MUSIC, Jan. 11]. It is true that many works by the great masters of the classical and Romantic eras were not fully appreciated until after their deaths, but why should we in 1988 make the same mistake? A composer who has the courage to write innovative new music should be rewarded with the opportunity to have it enjoyed now in live performance.

Carolyn E. Kidd
Montclair, N.J.

Your article describes how contemporary music is ignored by audiences and symphony orchestras. I believe the problem lies not with the listeners or the orchestras but with the composers. I submit that the "greats"—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart—wrote with the audiences of their day in mind, trying to write music that people would enjoy playing and listening to. In contrast, contemporary composers seem intent on their own pleasure. Most of their compositions have no melody and are merely a collection of sound effects that are often difficult to distinguish from the noise of an orchestra tuning up. The public has no obligation to support whatever contemporary composers wish to designate as music.

Ed A. Butenhof
Rochester

In *Reflections from the Keyboard* by David Dubal, pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy is quoted as saying "Recently I spoke to an active composer whose piece was performed in the same program in which I played a concerto. It was an interesting piece. After the performance I said to the composer, 'Did you like the performance of your piece?' He replied, 'Yes, it was very well performed, but it's such an ugly piece of music.' I said, 'But you're the

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Letters

composer?" Yes. I know I'm the composer but all I see and hear around me is ugliness, so that's what I put down on the paper. It's all ugly, and it should be ugly—but I hate this music!" Modern audiences, no less than those of earlier times, wish to be entertained, and for that to happen, there must be ideas, purpose, identification and pleasure.

Sheila Kortlucke
Lawrence, Kans.

Michael Walsh's lament on the constricting of U.S. orchestral repertoires perhaps neglects an important truth: the symphony orchestra itself is an aging musical instrument. Like the harpsichord, its distinctive capabilities may best be suited to a repertoire that is largely complete. Exciting new instruments, both electronic and acoustic, await a modern composer to do for them what Joseph Haydn did for the orchestra. Such sonic capabilities might even free us from the worst excesses of the listener-be-damned school of composition that has so intimidated the musical public.

Frederick S. Carter
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Into the Hills

In your article on Arab unrest in Israel, "Days of Rage in the Territories" (WORLD, Dec. 28), you made reference to Israeli television footage in which a man in civilian clothes, a Shin Bet agent, fired an Uzi submachine gun into a crowd of rock-throwing Palestinians. This report was not accurate. An investigation that took place on the day immediately following the screening of the incident found that no one had fired into or in the direction of the mob in question. In fact, the shots were fired in the direction of a distant hill. This was done deliberately so as not to cause injury, but with the aim of deterring the mob that was disturbing the public safety and endangering travelers. No one was injured, and no damage was caused. Nonetheless, suitable disciplinary measures were taken against the man in accordance with the findings that he did not observe to the letter the strict procedures for firing a weapon.

Brigadier General Ephraim Lipid
Israel Defense Forces
Tel Aviv

Candidate Immunity

I'm outraged by the article that lumped Jesse Jackson and Pat Robertson together as "The Teflon Twins of 1988" (NATION, Jan. 11). Jackson is a lifetime politician who has campaigned in the streets, on the farm and at the plant gate for social justice. Robertson is a TV evangelist, a wacko who has spent most of his time sitting in a TV studio. The difference between the two men is very, very great.

Rob Hogg
Iowa City

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Letters

The media's wrist-slapping attitude toward Robertson's absurdities and hypocrisy and Jackson's naiveté and ambition does little to elevate the political debate. Nor does observing a "cloak of immunity" toward the two. The media should help us become intelligent, informed voters. They have that opportunity in reporting on Robertson and Jackson.

*Jerry Voith
Atlanta*

Food Across the Border

Your story on the famine threat in Ethiopia omits a significant aspect: the transport of food across the border from Sudan into nongovernment-held northern areas of Eritrea (WORLD, Dec. 21). This operation is both substantial and a crucial complement to the relief programs in the government-held areas. The Ethio-Eritrean conflict has divided the Eritrean territory into distinct parts. Peasants who live in the conflict areas (mostly controlled by the Eritrean independence movement) are cut off from food aid in the government-held areas. Thus cross-border operations offer the only way to reach most peasants in the Eritrean countryside. In 1985 private U.S. voluntary agencies channeled about \$22 million worth of food aid into the nongovernment-held areas of Eritrea, and the cross-border relief operation of the Eritrean Relief Association fed 1.2 million famine victims.

*Testa A. Seyoum, Executive Director
Eritrean Relief Committee
New York City*

Yen for Leather

In this era of unprecedented budget deficits and program cutbacks, it is disturbing to learn that Congress has voted \$7.4 million to provide leather flight jackets for Air Force pilots (NATION, Jan. 11). How will we ever get our economy under control if Congress can't say no to such frivolous expenditures?

*Leigh J. Swanson
Bremerton, Wash.*

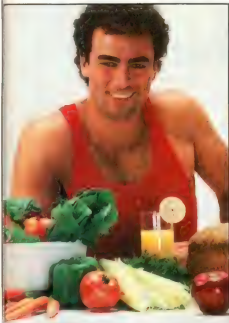
Insurance for Ailing Animals

Your story on animal health care (MEDICINE, Jan. 11) notes that one company offers pet health insurance in 27 states. I believe your readers would appreciate learning that such insurance is available in 48 states. I recently purchased a pet health insurance policy as a birthday gift for my cat Winslow, who, intoxicated with self-importance, now wants to see his name appear in TIME.

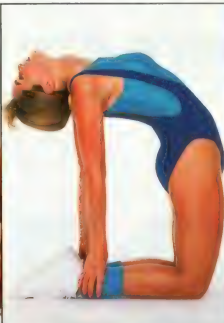
*Christopher Cross
Boulder*

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TIME FEBRUARY 1, 1988

Yes, There Are Issues

For candidates, budget realism is the new litmus test



One would not mistake it for a meeting of the American Economic Association. Nor has it yet taken on the serious sheen of a think-tank symposium on economic policy. But Campaign '88 is changing, slowly evolu-

ting into a serious debate over budgetary blueprints for post-Reagan America. In the wake of the October stock market crash, the universal lament was that none of the candidates, with the exception of Democrat Bruce Babbitt, was talking realistically about ways to reduce the defi-

cit. Now, surprisingly, a demanding electorate and a hectoring press corps have forced the candidates to defend their fiscal proposals, and a few have even responded with some reasonable policies. Two weeks before the Iowa caucuses, the usual focus on personalities and images has partly given way to, of all things, a serious debate over economic issues.

As each candidate tried to position himself last week for the final stretch run, the gamesmanship was obvious. But what was also striking was the frequency with which candidates couched their arguments in economic terms. Michael Dukakis, for example, felt a political need to challenge Babbitt's current media boomlet. Dukakis' chosen weapon? An attack on the fairness of Babbitt's antideficit panacea: a national sales tax. Richard Gephardt, whose political fortunes have been as volatile as the options market, crept into a narrow lead in Iowa in two major polls last week. His secret: a strong dose of populist economics built around his get-tough posturing on trade. In Iowa, Gephardt shares the old-line Democratic constituencies mostly with Simon. The two men traded epithets last week, and the battlefield was their respective records on tax equity. Gephardt's support of the 1981 Reagan cuts vs. Simon's lonely opposition to the 1986 reform act.

The economic debate is not as heated on the Republican side, partly because most contenders still worship at the shrine of bitter opposition to tax increases. Still, notice what Jack Kemp did when he needed a few stones to sling at Bob Dole and George Bush. He turned, as he so often does, to economics. After first pelting both front runners for temporizing on past tax cuts, Kemp followed up last week by deriding them for trying to freeze Social Security benefits in 1985.

These issues were not isolated blips on the political radar screen. In fact, nothing better illustrates the growing sophistication of the public and press on economics than the intense pressure on the candidates to offer credible proposals to shrink the deficit. Budget realism has become the new litmus test in both parties, as Pete du Pont discovered to his chagrin when he recently called a cousin, a well-heeled doctor, to ask for a campaign contribution. Rather than reaching for his checkbook, the doctor chided du Pont about his



Pitching for support from an audience in Mediapolis, Iowa



Making his points outside a closed Hormel plant in Fort Dodge, Iowa

supply-side antipathy to new taxes. "Not raising taxes is crazy," said the cousin. "We've got to raise taxes."

Not every candidate faces a rebellion within his own family, but the changed economic mood is palpable. Until recently, the candidates had been roughly divided into two camps: the Painless Dentists and the Bitter-Medicine Doctors. The dentists tried to prescribe different forms of novocaine to numb public awareness of the nation's economic distress. Their nostrums included Kemp's supply-side magic, Bush's above-the-fray obliviousness, Simon's trust-me arithmetic and Dukakis' collect-unpaid-taxes gimmickry. Aside from Dole, who for the most part just talked about the need for tough remedies, the bitter-medicine doctors were all long shots like Babbitt, who seemed much more likely to be right than President.

But in recent weeks painless economic dentistry has become discredited. Some leading contenders, Bush and Dukakis in particular, still seem wedded to smoke-and-mirrors posturing. But the trend is for the other candidates to join Babbitt in the specificity sweepstakes. Last week Gary Hart unveiled a comprehensive, though far from imaginative, plan to close the budget gap. Under attack for vagueness, Simon put out a white paper on the economy, which included a few grudging last-resort tax increases. Dole recently redeemed a bit of his reputation as a budget statesman by calling for a one-year spending freeze, while defending an oil-import fee against heavy fire from Bush and Kemp. Even Kemp, whose Panglossian view of the deficit often surpasses Ronald Reagan's, now calls for a lid on governmental expenditures.

The Democrats, free from any need to emulate the President, have adapted far faster to the stringencies of a cupboard-is-bare era. Part of the credit must go to Babbitt, who set the initial high standard with his honest-numbers proposals for a national sales tax and the means testing of federal benefit programs. As Republican Rudolph Penner, the former head of the Congressional Budget Office, puts it, "You may disagree with his program, but you have to admire its completeness."

Babbitt faces a dilemma. He was showered with media kudos for his courage in supporting a 5% levy on consumer spending—in effect, a national sales tax. But now that the novelty has worn off, he must defend the idea on its merits. No one disputes Babbitt's claim that even if necessities like food and medicine were exempted, the tax would produce perhaps \$220 billion over five years. In fact, the danger could be that the tax works too well. "It may provide a framework for raising more money than we need," says Allen Sinai, the chief economist at Boston Co. So far, however, the political debate has been over the equity of Babbitt's proposal. Dukakis and Albert Gore have publicly charged that the plan soaks the little guy. Babbitt responds by pointing

out that his program includes sales-tax rebates for low-income Americans. In truth, such a mechanism could ensure relative fairness at the cost of some complexity.

Hart's new budget plan takes the classic Washington green-eyeshade approach, adding a new user fee here, trimming a half-forgotten loophole there. Taxes are a major part of the mix: Hart favors retaining the top income-tax bracket at 33% and dramatically increasing the often regressive "sin" taxes on liquor and tobacco.

Simon's plan is far more problematic. Even as he tries to refute Gephardt's charge that he represents "Reaganomics with a bow tie," Simon cannot resist the blandishments of King Canute-style economic assumptions. He purports to balance the budget by 1992, but his numbers include \$45 billion in savings from a drop in unemployment and \$30 billion to \$40 billion recovered through a decline in interest rates. "It's like telling people you

can have a diet of hot-fudge sundaes and still lose weight," insists Carol Cox, the president of the Committee for a Responsible Federal Budget. Take long-term interest rates. They are set by market forces that weigh, in part, the seriousness of the federal commitment to deficit reduction. Putting it bluntly, the surest way to drive up interest rates would be for President Simon to declare that his balanced-budget pledge depends on lowering them.

Simon is willing to raise taxes, after a fashion, if the unemployment and interest rates refuse to respond to his entreaties. But clearly tax increases pain Simon; early drafts of his economic white paper had just one line on taxes. Even now, he plans to make up for any budget shortfall in outmoded soak-the-rich fashion: raising income-tax rates for individuals earning more than \$100,000 a year. As unpopular as the rich may be in some Democratic Party circles,



Speaking from the TV monitor during a debate in Des Moines



Meeting two admirers and one voter on a farm in Moorland, Iowa

there just are not that many of them: each 1% increase in tax rates under Simon's plan would bring in merely \$2 billion in revenues.

In fairness to Simon and Hart, there is another revenue producer in both of their deficit plans: oil-import fees. This is, in effect, a hidden tax; it raises gasoline prices at the pump without being directly visible to consumers. That is part of the reason that support for duties on imported oil cuts across the political spectrum, having won the endorsement of Gephardt, Gore and Dole as well. The rest of the equation is simply regional politics: such fees would amount to a windfall for domestic producers in Super Tuesday states like Texas and Louisiana by allowing them to raise their prices to match the new cost of imported oil. True, oil-import fees would spur energy conservation. But so would the more direct approach of an increase in federal taxes on gasoline, which is on no candidate's deficit-reduction agenda.

Though Dole talks sense about fiscal responsibility, he refrains from laying out his deficit arithmetic and, at times, seems

positively unenthused about his own one-year budget freeze. "It isn't the best policy," he said last week. "But it is easily understood and can sell politically." But that is still a profile in courage compared to Bush, whose only tangible proposal is to slash the capital-gains taxes to 15%. This leftover supply-side nostrum, also endorsed by Kemp, would destroy the tax-reform principle that earned and unearned income should be treated alike.

Democrats Gephardt, Dukakis and Gore are ill positioned to take much partisan advantage from the Republican deficit distress. Gephardt's notions of bitter medicine, for example, do not extend to Iowa voters; he fervently backs a farm bill that he admits would increase food prices. Dukakis still clings to his widely ridiculed notion that stricter IRS enforcement would slash \$35 billion from the deficit. Dukakis does not want to discuss new taxes, claims Chris Edley, his campaign-issues director, because he fears that they would draw attention from his IRS compliance scheme.

Gore is equally vague. All he offers is platitudes and a modest grab bag of \$16 billion in minor, last-resort taxes.

Perhaps the most important economic issue in the campaign is not what the candidates propose but what the voters will feel when they go to the polls. For all the obsession with political strategy, presidential campaigns are often won and lost by the numbers: unemployment, inflation and interest rates. Last October, it looked as if the nation was headed for a major recession, which would enhance the political fortunes of the Democrats, particularly those who were willing to talk sense about budget problems. There are, in fact, continued signs that rocky waters lie ahead, most notably last week's report that housing starts in December tumbled by a startling 16%. Yet most recent economic forecasts suggest that the economy may somehow muddle along until at least November. And that means good news for the Republican nominee, whoever he may be.

—By Walter Shapiro.
Reported by Steven Holmes/Des Moines and Elizabeth Taylor/Cedar Rapids

Playing Populist Chords

Ever since Andrew Jackson led a revolt against big banks and the East Coast oligarchy, populism has been a powerful strand in American politics. The clash between those who represent entrenched power and those who resent it has rivaled the tension between liberalism and conservatism in defining American campaign showdowns. Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter, like many of their predecessors, rode to power by tapping the electorate's anti-Establishment streak.

At first blush it would seem difficult for most of the class of '88 to cultivate such furrows of frustration. George Bush, Robert Dole, Richard Gephardt, Michael Dukakis, Albert Gore and Paul Simon have all made their names by being competent insiders. Yet almost every candidate, with the exception of Bush (who with his pedigree paternity and Washington résumé virtually embodies the Establishment), is now trying to mine a populist vein.

Left-wing populism stresses economic resentments. For Jesse Jackson, such sentiments come naturally. He decries the "economic violence" imposed on workers and small farmers by what he considers a corporate plutocracy. Right-wing populism reflects cultural alienation, the sense that liberal elitists have forced their social views on a more traditional majority. Although Pat Robertson's campaign ads brag about his well-established roots ("descendant of two U.S. Presidents"), his success comes from tapping resentments that fed other conservative populist campaigns, including Reagan's.

Dole has tried to pluck both the economic and cultural strings of populism. He preaches that the G.O.P. must show more "sensitivity" and "compassion" for society's have-nots. Contrasting himself with the patrician Bush, Dole emphasizes his humble background. He says he wants Iowans to recognize that "Bob Dole is one of us." Bush's demand that Dole release his tax returns, so as to

display his affluence, was an attempt to dull Dole's populist luster.

Gephardt, once rightly proud of his status as a key Washington insider, has become the Democrat most determined to play the populist card. In speeches and commercials, he has designed the finale of his Iowa caucus campaign around a furious attack on "corporate America." In one recent speech, Gephardt castigated the "Establishment" in 21 different allusions with a common thread: "The Establishment

is separated from the consequences of its own opinions." His tough stance on foreign trade appeals to a nativist streak that is an undercurrent of populism. Bruce Babbitt's best applause comes when he denounces corporate executives who get large bonuses while cutting workers' benefits. He has called IBP meat-packers, one of Iowa's most antipathy companies, a "corporate outlaw." All the other Democrats soon followed suit. Gary Hart's new slogan—"Let the people decide"—also strikes an anti-Establishment chord.

One reason for populism's appeal in 1988 is that the economic recovery of the Reagan years has been uneven. The October crash followed a long period of Washington scandals and Wall Street abuses that heightened animosities toward big shots of all varieties. In a comprehensive survey, the Times-Mirror Co. found 77% agreeing with the statement "There is too much power concentrated in... a few big companies."

While many of the specific populist criticisms may be valid, their collective weight is divisive. The us-against-them formulation is often a search for easy scapegoats. It distracts from the disagreeable reality that complex problems sometimes require complex answers, and that they can be solved only at some cost to all concerned, lean cats as well as fat. But on the eve of the first contest, that fact gets lost in the churning competition. The candidates seem to know that the Populist Party's first presidential candidate, James Weaver in 1892, came from, you guessed it, Iowa.

—By Laurence L. Barrett



Establishment-Bashing Gephardt

Nation

Taking a Scalpel to the Deficit

Could a line-item veto reduce federal spending?

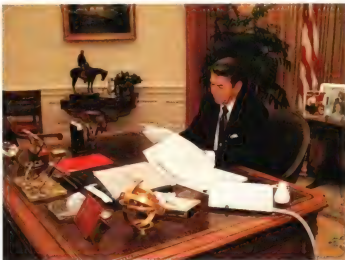
At a pep rally celebrating his seventh anniversary in the White House last week, Ronald Reagan seemed determined to end his presidency with a flourish. "As they say in show biz," he urged his aides and appointees, "let's bring them to their feet with our closing act." But the State of the Union address that the President prepared to deliver this week was less a stirring aria than a medley of his greatest hits. It includes a ringing anthem to the Reagan revolution: the tax cuts—including a call for new reduction in the rate on capital gains—the five-year economic boom, the resurgence of patriotism. Then the President also planned an ode to the Nicaraguan "freedom fighters." And of course there was a section of budget-deficit blues, a put-the-blame-on-Congress thumper ending with that ancient standard: the call for a line-item veto.

While Reagan has been delivering that last hoary number for the better part of a decade, the tune did not originate with him. Ever since Ulysses S. Grant in 1876, Presidents have asked Congress for the power to reject individual appropriations without wiping out an agency's entire budget. Reagan has argued that a line-item veto would allow him to rein in the big spenders on Capitol Hill and bring down the deficit. Says a White House aide: "What we're talking about is changing a pattern of behavior that has existed for a long time."

Congress refuses to go along, since the reform would strip power from the Legislative Branch and hand it to the Executive. But recent events have conspired to give the idea some weight. The Oct. 19 stock-market crash shocked Washington into the realization that the U.S. economy will not be able to endure continuing federal deficits of \$170 billion or more. Then Government's budget "summiteers," after much agonizing, produced a puny two-year, \$76 billion deficit reduction package. Just before Christmas, Congress presented the President with a \$603.9 billion spending bill for fiscal year 1988. The 2,100-page law was packed with pork-barrel goodies to please lawmakers' constituents.

In his State of the Union address, Reagan planned to bring up several examples of those excesses, totaling \$4.4 bil-

lion, culled from an 80-page list compiled by researchers in the White House Office of Management and Budget. Among the candidates: a \$300,000 grant for grackle control in the Rio Grande Valley; \$240,000 for a study of the damage done to macadamia nuts by rats; \$1.4 million for a catfish farm in Stuttgart, Ark.; and—in a special dig at the legislators—\$500,000 to bring leaders of emerging democracies to the U.S. to study the workings of Congress. Not even Reagan has



The President working on the State of the Union address in the Oval Office

Recent events have added weight to his pleas for budget reform.

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the chutzpah to mention one particularly large chunk of pork: \$25 million for an unnecessary new airport near Fort Worth, the hometown of House Speaker Jim Wright. After all, Wright will be sitting just behind the President. On Capitol Hill, Reagan's case for the line-item veto suddenly seems a little more convincing. "I used to think the line-item veto was the stupidest idea in the world," says Stephen Bell, former staff director of the Senate Budget Committee. "I was wrong." Republican Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon thinks Congress will eventually be forced to pass the reform. "We're going to be ridiculed into doing it," he says. "I've come to the conclusion that we are not going to be capable of governing ourselves." In discussing the veto, Senator Ted Kennedy recently said something he has probably never said before and may never say again: "President Reagan is right, and the Congress is wrong."

But while a line-item veto might help diminish budget pork, it would have only a negligible impact on the deficit. Huge chunks of the budget—Social Security,

Medicare and other entitlement programs, which total more than \$325 billion—are granted automatically and do not require annual reauthorization. Other spending measures, such as agricultural support programs (\$26 billion), are politically sacrosanct. And while some Democrats might be ready to chop away at the \$298 billion in defense spending, substantial Pentagon cuts would be unlikely under any Republican Administration. Thus, spending that is truly discretionary (read politically negotiable) amounts to less than 15% of the \$1 trillion federal budget. Even if the President could manage to veto \$150 billion of spending from those areas, the savings would barely equal the interest on the national debt.

Some observers think the line-item veto would actually lead to an increase in Government spending. Norman Ornstein, a congressional scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, points out that in 1985 Reagan asked for 100 MX missiles, but Congress gave him only 50. If Reagan had had the line-item veto, says Ornstein, he could have used it to squeeze lawmakers, threatening to eradicate programs in their districts if they did not support the vastly more expensive MX. In Ornstein's opinion, Presidents, not legislators, are traditionally inclined to budgetary extravagance. "They have to make their mark in a relatively short time," he says. "Thus, they have to spend money."

Aside from Ted Kennedy, most congressional Democrats consider Reagan's fiscal pieties gross hypocrisy. "His has been the biggest spending Administration in history," fumes House Budget Chairman William Gray of Pennsylvania. "And every year he returns to the tired old rhetoric that a line-item veto is the magic wand that would bring down Government spending."

Despite its post-budget bill vogueishness, the line-item veto will not become a reality anytime soon. "It is something that neither this President nor any other President should have," says Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. "It is a quack nostrum." As House Majority Leader Thomas Foley of Washington has suggested, the deficit crisis is essentially a matter of will-power. The White House, the Congress and the American public must decide together to make the sacrifices necessary to reduce the deficit. Until that time, ideas like the line-item veto will remain irrelevant oldies.

—By Jacob V. Lumar Jr.
Reported by Hays Gorey and Barrett Seaman/Washington

"The One Who Can't Win"

Hart's problems proliferate

Perhaps it was just coincidence that the B-grade thriller *Return of the Living Dead* was playing at the only movie house in Ottawa, Kans., when Gary Hart came home again last week. But it was fitting. Six weeks after Hart burst back into the Democratic race, the surge of excitement has subsided. Even in Ottawa, where he was born and raised, the ardor has cooled. Only a few hours before his nephew was to appear before the local chamber of commerce, not even Uncle Ralph Hartence could resist telling a Gary-and-Donna joke or two.

And so it goes wherever Hart leads his surreal campaign. His supporters are more curious than committed. He draws large, enthusiastic crowds only where they count least—in shopping malls and on college campuses. Young boys on bicycles in Jackson, Ga., know his name and add, "He's the one who can't win."

Last week Hart's problems took on a new dimension when his old nemesis, the Miami *Herald*, reported that Hollywood Video Mogul Stuart Karl, distributor of Jane Fonda workout tapes, had paid \$15,802 of Hart's campaign expenses in 1984, despite an explicit limit of \$1,000 on individual campaign contributions. The paper also reported that Karl picked up the tab for private jet flights, funded an aide who has been working full time for Hart, and agreed to settle an unpaid \$96,000 loan to Hart for 10¢ on the dollar.

After several weeks of traveling with only a handful of reporters, Hart saw his



Hounded by new allegations about money

press pack swell instantly at the news. A dozen reporters and cameramen ambushed him as he campaigned in Laconia, N.H., on Thursday morning, lobbing new allegations to which Hart, assisted on the road by just a single aide, was unable to respond. "Obviously, a candidate cannot know every detail," he protested. Hart then called for reinforcements. His chief counsel, Bernard Schneider, flew from Denver and attempted to pre-empt further questions with a detailed explanation. He said that the bills paid by Karl were simply part of his \$96,000 loan.

The complex financial allegations could erode the aura of rebellious underdog that Hart has cultivated since his return. No longer can he get mileage out of the boast that he was the first Democrat to forgo PAC money. Nor will he be able to draw applause by pulling out his wallet and proclaiming, "This is our campaign treasury." But there is a limit to the damage that can be done. Because even young boys on bicycles subscribe to the conventional wisdom that Hart cannot win, new charges may not make much difference to his candidacy. —By Michael Duffy/Ottawa

Jack the Unlikely Ripper

Kemp plays hardball

Jack Kemp, the Boy Scout of supply-side economics, hates to speak ill of others. Like the "good shepherd" he so often cites, Kemp wants to convert both foe and friend to his vision of boundless growth through tax cuts and monetary reform. But so far his gauzy optimism has proved more boring than inspirational to voters; for months, he has idled near the bottom of the polls. Last week Pollyanna began to look more like Cruella De Ville: Kemp unleashed an uncharacteristically hard-nosed campaign that managed to rattle both George Bush and Bob Dole. In so doing, he elbowed his way into the "Bob and George" show and enhanced the prospect that he, rather than Pat Robertson, would become the conservative alternative to the two front runners.

At a Catholic high school in Des Moines last week, Bush became so incensed when a young woman read questions about his flip-flops on abortion from a Kemp flier that he took it from her, tore it in two and declared, "Finis." That one gesture guaranteed week-long coverage for the conservative New York Congressman.

Dole, bracing himself for Bush to run negative ads about his wealth and his wife's trust fund, was blind-sided by a Kemp attack on Social Security. Some 120,000 elderly Iowans received an official-looking brown envelope marked IM-



Heating up attacks on Bush and Dole

PORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY INFORMATION ENCLOSED; in fact it contained Kemp material lambasting Dole's efforts to freeze cost-of-living adjustments in 1985. Outraged, Dole stormed across Iowa, accusing Kemp of using "marginal" tactics "to scare old people." Kemp Strategist Roger Stone exulted: "When you're attacked, it means you're in the race."

Kemp's negative TV ads have done the most to get him back in the race. He shot up to 15% in a Gallup poll of New Hampshire Republicans after running an ad painting Bush and Dole as closet advocates of higher taxes. Another Kemp commercial attacked the two front runners for supporting an oil-import fee. Then in Iowa last week, Kemp unleashed a visually powerful ad that showed him rescuing Social Security from the clutches of Dole and Bush.

Kemp resents being called a mudslinger. "Hey, who has been made more fun of economically than Jack Kemp?" he indignantly retorts. "Gollie, if this is mudslinging, then it's the end of the two-party system." He felt compelled to take a sharper approach in his advertising because his positive style had left him stalled, but he still finds it hard to be negative in person. "We've tried to get him to use it in his speeches," sighed his friend and fellow conservative, Senator Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire. "He won't." Indeed, addressing the New Hampshire legislature on Thursday, Kemp didn't even mention the heresies of Dole and Bush. He was his old positive self, sunnily extolling democracy, tax cuts, free enterprise, Thomas Jefferson and the space program. Afterward, the man whom aides have tried to wean from expounding at length on the gold standard had only one regret: "I wish I had time to mention Bretton Woods." —By Alessandra Stanley/Concord

A Declaration on Independents

An appeals court invalidates the special-prosecutor law

The Reagan Administration, which has been beset by charges of corruption, finally got some good news from the courts last week. In a 2-to-1 decision, the Washington, D.C., appeals court declared unconstitutional the method used to appoint independent counsel and the limits placed on the President's power to remove them at will. The decision puts a large question mark over the conviction last month of former White House Aide Michael Deaver.

The case that spurred the court ruling was not Deaver's but a far less visible one. Former Assistant Attorney General Theodore B. Olson has been under investigation for some 20 months for allegedly giving false testimony to Congress in 1983. Olson and two colleagues counterattacked by challenging the provisions of

the 1978 Ethics in Government Act that provided authority to Independent Counsel Alexia Morrison.

To avoid having the Executive Branch investigate itself, the law requires independent counsel to be chosen by a panel of federal judges. That transferred Executive power to the judiciary, Olson argued, which violates the Constitution's separation of powers. The appeals court majority agreed, overturning a district court's earlier ruling.

The court's ruling is unlikely to cause serious problems for the Iran-contra probe headed by Lawrence E. Walsh or for Independent Counsel James McKay's prosecution of White House Aide Lyn Nofziger. Last year both prosecutors accepted backup appointments from the Justice Department. Prosecutor Morrison

refused similar protection. Earlier last week the Supreme Court put to rest for now questions about the validity of such "parallel appointments" by leaving intact a lower-court decision that turned aside a challenge brought by Lieut. Colonel Oliver North.

Deaver's prosecutor, Whitney North Seymour Jr., also refused the parallel appointment. Noting that last week's decision had invalidated the court appointment that is Seymour's sole source of authority, Deaver's lawyers quickly filed a motion to vacate the jury verdict and throw out the charges against their client, who faces a possible 15-year prison sentence. For Deaver, says Philip Lacovara, former counsel to the Watergate special prosecutor, the court's decision is like the "arrival of the 7th Cavalry." But Custer's 7th Cavalry was wiped out at Little Big Horn, and whether Deaver will get to ride off in freedom remains to be seen: the Supreme Court is likely to review the ruling this term.

On the Grapevine



Much of the personal drama of politics takes place behind the scenes. Here are some of the latest whispered tales from the campaign trail:

How Clinton is ducking Dukakis. After shying from a presidential bid of his own, boyish Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton told his friend and preferred candidate Michael Dukakis that he would seriously consider endorsing him, and might even take a top spot with his campaign. That would have helped undercut Albert Gore's claim as the South's favorite son, something both Clinton and Dukakis would not mind. It would also have enhanced, if Dukakis were to get the nomination, Clinton's objective to be the convention keynote speaker. But as Dukakis, in a hotel room surrounded by aides, was preparing for the Des Moines Register debate, Clinton telephoned and explained with great discomfort that he had decided not to make an endorsement yet. His explanation: problems with the Arkansas legislature. The real reason: the rise in Gore's Southern popularity made bucking him now too risky.

Haig's well-kept scion. The money is paid as a consulting fee to a group called Concord Associates, so the recipient's name doesn't pop up on campaign reports. A deposit of \$15,000 was made last July. In fact, the money goes to Alexander Haig's son and namesake Alex Haig, who helps manage his father's campaign. Though unusual, there was nothing illegal about the arrangement, and young Haig says it was all quite legitimate. Nevertheless, starting this month, he and his wife Wendy will dissolve Concord Associates and start receiving paychecks in their own names. The young Haigs' first paychecks: \$5,000 each.

Why Reagan didn't duck Dole. Despite his attempts to seem neutral, the President prefers his loyal Veep to Robert Dole, who over the years has let loose with some caus-

tic comments about Reagan's management style. This preference was put to the test last month when Dole called Chief of Staff Howard Baker with terms for announcing his support of the INF treaty. Dole wanted an invitation to the White House and a joint appearance with Reagan when he declared for the treaty. Baker approved the plan. But Reagan angrily balked, called Bush and told him about Dole's proposal. Reagan said he would refuse if the Vice President wanted. "George, it's up to you," Reagan said. Bush took only a few minutes to consider. "You need his help," he told the President. "I don't like the whole thing, but you need this." At the ensuing meeting, Reagan shied as far away from Dole as possible.

Nixon isn't ducking. Less reluctant support for Dole comes from a former occupant of the Oval Office. Richard Nixon, who favors Dole, has been quietly passing along advice and encouragement, mainly through intermediaries.

Stepping on Bush's lines. When Bush's aides saw the education section in early drafts of Reagan's State of the Union address, they were upset. Not because the Vice President disagreed with the words—just the opposite. Many of the ideas, such as directing resources toward basic skills and lowering dropout rates, are ones that Bush has been pushing (to little notice) on the campaign trail. The Bush people could not persuade the White House to leave the topic to them. One of Bush's aides said of Reagan's newest education initiative, "We're going to say—nicely, of course—that he stole the idea from us."



Clinton hedges; Haig keeps it familial; Nixon boosts Dole; Bush stays loyal

Fact check. On the road, Pat Robertson tells the story of children at a Virginia public school who were forbidden to bring Christmas cookies to class because their liberal teachers said that would violate the Constitution. This is one of a host of secular humanist horror stories Robertson loves to tell, with little or no substantiation. When asked for details, Robertson dismisses those seeking to check the facts as being "too literal."

Putting Schedule over Safety

Despite Challenger, the shuttle program ignores whistle-blowers

The hellish orange-and-white fireball that destroyed the space shuttle *Challenger* exploded over the Atlantic Ocean two years ago this week, killing seven crew members and shutting down the U.S. manned space program. Pressures to launch had led to what the Rogers commission later called NASA's "silent safety program," in which defects were overlooked and engineering cautions brushed aside. Yet as NASA and its many contractors now rush to correct the shuttle's potentially fatal weaknesses and resume launches by July, there are signs that the lesson of the *Challenger* tragedy has not been wholly heeded.

A blue-ribbon committee of eight experts commissioned by NASA to review the agency's safety procedures has warned that the "concern for safety that peaked after the *Challenger* accident appears to be waning." The investigators stated that when NASA rated its program managers, safety was "conspicuous by its absence" in the evaluation. There was also "disturbing" evidence that schedules were given priority over safety. The highly critical report was submitted to NASA, its contractors and key members of Congress last August, but was kept under wraps until this month.

The report also charges that those in NASA's contractor network who spoke up about lax safety practices sometimes ran into a "shoot-the-messenger syndrome" in which their complaints were ignored and they were harshly criticized. Several such whistle-blowers have told TIME that when they pointed out glaring violations of safety procedures, nothing was done to correct the problems. Instead, they contend, they were harassed, demoted or fired. Some say they were even threatened by unidentified letter writers and telephone callers.

Sylvia Robins is a former systems engineer for Unisys; a subcontractor that develops much of the computer software in Houston used to control virtually every switch and nozzle on the complex space vehicle. Two years ago, she was a highly rated section supervisor in charge of managing the software that had been updated to reflect changes in the shuttle's mission and design. In March 1986, two months after the *Challenger* tragedy, she was approached for help by software experts at Rockwell International, the shuttle's prime contractor. They asked her to find out whether Unisys had an adequate system for testing the shuttle's backup software, which would be vital if the basic computer programming failed.

Robins claims she discovered a self-defeating Unisys procedure: instead of halting other operations while both the main and backup software were tested, the contractor permitted NASA to make additional changes in payload and other shuttle flight plans as the testing proceeded. While this saved a three-week hold for each test, she insists that it rendered the results meaningless, since the software could not be adjusted and tested simultaneously.



Robins: concerned about shortcuts
Saving time by nullifying the tests.

When Robins informed her Unisys supervisors about this in June 1986, she maintains she was told to drop the matter and not tell Rockwell about it. Her bosses considered her a trouble maker, she says, because she had complained earlier that Unisys did not have the proper facilities for protecting the software for secret Defense Department missions assigned to shuttle flights.

Robins says that in September 1986 her supervisor met with several employees in her section and asked them to claim that she had called staff meetings after work hours without authorizing overtime pay. They were told at a second meeting, she says, to submit slips to document the alleged overtime. One employee, Ria Solomon, refused, protesting that there had been no unauthorized late meetings. Solomon contends that she was then harassed by her supervisors and was fired last May.

After Robins was demoted in September 1986, she transferred from Unisys to a Rockwell subsidiary, Rockwell Shuttle Operations Co. There she repeated her complaints about Unisys to her new bosses as well as to the FBI and NASA's inspector general. As a result, she states, she was isolated and continually harassed at work. She says that she received three unsigned letters containing threats such as "whistle-blowers face loss of home, family and life." Two of the other whistle-blowers also charge that anonymous telephone threats have been made against their children; they do not accuse the companies of being responsible.

Last September, Robins and Solomon filed a \$5.2 million suit against Rockwell Shuttle Operations Co. and Unisys, claiming they were the victims of company retaliation.

Other shuttle engineers have expressed similar concerns. A former Rockwell quality-assurance engineer says that an audit he conducted of Rockwell's shuttle hardware and software last July revealed that only 12% met NASA's contract specifications. The day after submitting his report, he contends, his supervisor told him that "we had to change the figure to 96% or better." He refused. Five weeks later he was suspended and then later fired.

A current Rockwell engineer also told TIME that the company last June failed to place a protective password on at least one shipment of shuttle software tapes. That meant that almost anyone at the company with computer access could call up the tapes, punch in changes at will and leave no record of who had made the alteration or precisely what had been done. In fact, she produced a record showing that one such anonymous change actually had been made.

The whistle-blowers charge that em-

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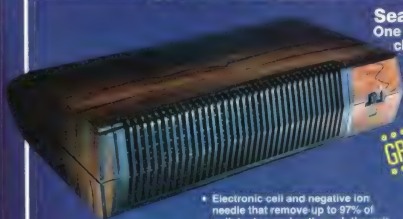
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Nation

The Return of the Patriarch

A clan of messianic polygamists sparks a police siege

employees at Rockwell are falsely promised confidentiality when making complaints to an ombudsman appointed by the company. A corporate security source confirms that within 24 hours of a complaint, the ombudsman relays the information to James Roberts, who is head of both the Rockwell subsidiary's ethics committee and its security force. The whistle-blowers allege that since they filed their suit, they have often been followed at night by vehicles, some of whose license plates have been traced to the security force. One was a private truck owned by Roberts.

Shuttle contractors have an incentive to emphasize schedule over safety, according to one Rockwell engineer, because they are paid bonuses on an increasing scale according to "how quickly a job is completed. Thus, managers pressure their employees even when work is on schedule." All the shortcuts in safety and security are taken, according to this source, because the environment remains "meet the schedule or else. And the schedules are tighter than before the Challenger accident."

In a statement, Rockwell called the allegations by the whistle-blowers "totally without merit." Because of litigation, the company commented on only one specific point, maintaining that its ombudsman fully respects the confidentiality of employees who complain. Rockwell insisted that it "has always been and continues to be committed to taking every precaution humanly possible to ensure that concern for safety governs all activities."

Apparently shaken by the growing attention to the safety experts' report, NASA called a press conference last week at which George Rodney, the agency's top safety official, said he had thoroughly reorganized safety and quality-control operations. This included a 30% increase in personnel assigned to these watchdog duties. A tough former test pilot and Martin Marietta official, Rodney declared that anyone with a safety complaint could now readily get the attention of key project managers.

According to Rodney, NASA has established closer communication with the astronauts on safety issues, correcting one of the Rogers commission's major criticisms. But two of the astronauts scheduled for the next launch said they had not even been given the safety-review committee's stern report.

The space agency claims that nearly all the 72 recommendations made in the report have been followed. In fact, NASA contends, many of the steps had been taken by the time it received the report. Rodney announced that experts will be asked to take another, updated look at NASA's safety controls. Declared NASA Administrator James Fletcher: "We will fly only when we are ready. And readiness means that the shuttle will fly only when it's as safe as we can make it." —By Ed Magnusson.

Reported by Jay Peterzell/Houston

The log cabin with smoke curling from its chimney, the small schoolhouse, granary and workshop might serve as a setting for the Walton family. The 2½-acre Singer compound in tiny Marion, Utah (pop. 200), speaks of simplicity and family ties. The family is indeed close-knit: Vickie Singer's son-in-law Addam Swapp is married to both her daughters.

Last week several hundred feet beyond their fence, the hostile world waited. More than 150 police and FBI agents surrounded the compound shortly after Swapp allegedly dynamited the nearby Mormon church on Jan. 16. The heavily armed clan of messianic po-

Brigham Young: "The only men who become Gods, even the sons of God, are those who enter into polygamy." For the devout, polygamy means a chaste life where sex is initiated mainly at the invitation of the wife. In the 19th century, polygamy served to cement ties among Mormon families.

But the church outlawed polygamy in 1890, and its renegade status now attracts the unstable as well as true believers. Fueled by the perceived injustice of Singer's death, his increasingly fanatic kin nurtured quasi-religious fantasies. As the ninth anniversary of Singer's death approached, either Vickie Singer, 44, or Addam



The late John Singer and the compound where his surviving family awaits his resurrection

A bombed church, a spear, a telephone warning: "We are going to battle."

lygamists was holed up with ample food and water, goading the authorities to deliver them to martyrdom and thereby bring about the resurrection of their dead patriarch, Vickie's husband John Singer.

The unfolding drama framed the extremes of modern Mormon life. Utah lures skiers to the slopes of its Wasatch Mountains, but the state is also home to Fundamentalists who find the 20th century anathema. About 20 miles northeast of the ski resort of Alta, the Singer clan nursed its cheerless fantasies. Founded by John Singer, an American-born TV repairman who spent his formative years in Nazi Germany, the family first ran afoul of the law when Singer pulled his children from school to shield them from the influence of drugs and racial integration. His continued defiance led in 1979 to a siege that ended when police rushed Singer while he was on a trip to his mailbox. He was shot in the back after pulling a pistol.

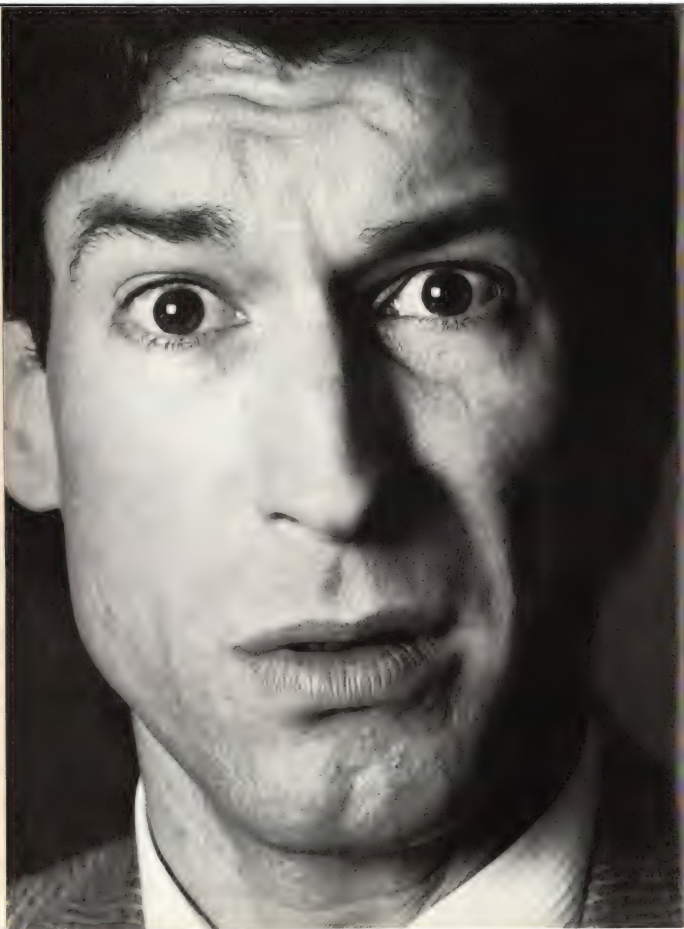
Most of the 40,000 polygamists scattered throughout Utah are peaceful. They follow the admonition of Mormon Leader

Swapp, 27, had a vision that John's resurrection would lead to the Second Coming of Christ.

The trouble began soon after the Singer clan watched a videotape of John's funeral. Marion's church was badly damaged by an estimated 75 lbs. of dynamite. Nearby, investigators found a feathered spear stuck into the ground with a note that read, "Jan. 18, 1979. John Singer was killed on that date." As seven adults and nine children retreated into the Singer compound, Swapp supposedly told his brother-in-law that he was responsible for the bombing. By telephone, Vickie Singer reportedly declared, "We are going to battle. Yes, there will be death, killing."

State and federal officials said they were determined to resolve the standoff without bloodshed. The police fired no shots, out of concern for the children in the compound and perhaps out of sensitivity to the events of nine years ago. Inside the fortified cabin, the spirit of the stubborn patriarch was very much alive.

Reported by Dawn Tracy/Marion



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American Notes



TEXAS Were Tejanos slighted in the filming of *Alamo*?

DRUGS

Criminals Just Say Yes

Police have long contended that drug abusers are likely to commit street crimes. A Justice Department study last week revealed the extent of the problem: half to three-fourths of the men arrested for serious crimes in a dozen U.S. cities had recently used drugs. In New York City, 79% of those tested had used cocaine, marijuana or some other illegal substance. In Washington the proportion was 77%, in San Diego, 75%. Those figures were "much higher than anyone had anticipated," said James Stewart, the study's director. "If we are going to do something about the crime rate, we are going to have to confront the drug problem."

TEXAS

Refighting The Alamo

The nearly 200 doomed men who made a stand at the Alamo in San Antonio helped inspire Texans to defeat General Santa Anna's Mexican army in 1836. Today more than half of San Antonio's 1.1 million residents are Hispanic, and some are up in arms about the way a new film depicts the famous battle. *Alamo—The Price of Freedom* is to run in a

giant-screened theater near the fort. Hispanic leaders claim the film demeans the role of nine Tejano (Texas-born Mexican) defenders in the siege. Also "inaccurate and uncalled for," they say, is a scene that shows Mexican soldiers bayoneting Colonel Jim Bowie to death in his bed.

"No one agrees on what really happened. There are no chronicles," responds George McAlister, an amateur historian who put up most of the film's \$3 million cost. "I made an honest attempt to reflect the battle as accurately as I could." Despite threats of protests, he plans to proceed with the film's public debut on March 6, the 152nd anniversary of the Alamo's fall.

KENTUCKY

Assault on Indian Graves

From the air, the Indian burial ground by the Ohio River in Union County, Kentucky, looks as if it has been ravaged by giant groundhogs. But the culprits responsible for digging 400 holes are a more predatory species. Artifact hunters tore up the gravesites late last year to excavate tomahawks, medicine pipes and other antiquities worth hundreds of dollars apiece. Last week in Morganfield, Ky., ten men were charged with overturning 1,200 graves dating back to the 15th century.



KENTUCKY Using an eagle feather to purify desecrated gravesites

The ravaging may be the worst sacrilege ever committed against an Indian site in the U.S. "It was total devastation," says Indian Activist Dennis Banks. "There were bones strewn all over the place." If convicted, the grave robbers face maximum penalties of just \$500 and a one-year jail term for "desecration of a sacred object."

ARMY

Flunked Out In Hazing

Standing at attention while they eat, remembering how many ice cubes upperclassmen like in their drinks and memorizing large amounts of trivial information are a traditional form of initiation for West Point plebes. Cadet John Edwards was able to take the hazing as a freshman, but as a second classman (junior), he would not dish it out. "I couldn't treat other plebes the way I had been treated. It was absurd and dehumanizing," said Edwards last week after he had been expelled from the U.S. Military Academy.

Edwards, 24, ranked academically near the top in his class of more than 1,100 cadets last semester, but he failed to perform adequately in military development, which requires upperclassmen to test the ability of plebes to endure the rigor of West

Point training. In part, Edwards' disdain for hazing stems from his earlier Army experience: before entering the academy, he spent nearly three years as an enlisted man.

EXILES

The DeeJay Defector

To fellow tourists on a package trip to the Soviet Union last November, Ted and Cheryl Branch were a mousy couple whose bumbling efforts to defect were met with dismay by their Russian tour guide. The pair spoke no Russian and had no jobs. By last week, when Soviet Foreign Ministry Spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov announced that the couple had been granted asylum, the Branches had become "specialists in mass communications."

Ted Branch, 43, had bounced through a feckless radio career, winding up in 1983 as an announcer and general manager for WBGR, a tiny station in Mount Dora, Fla. In 1985, shortly before WBGR went bankrupt, he left in a dispute over back pay. Branch could not find another full-time job on the air, and the couple somehow blamed the U.S. Government for failing to take up his cause. In November, Cheryl Branch told a fellow tour member, "I'm going to write a book. I'm going to expose all the things that are wrong in the American system."

World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Contra Countdown

Ortega and Reagan duel as Congress prepares to vote on aid

Suddenly, the Sandinistas were on the offensive, lobbing peace grenades in the general direction of Washington. A Nicaraguan government delegation showed up in Costa Rica a full week ahead of schedule for face-to-face talks with the U.S.-backed *contras*. When the rebel leaders dismissed the offer as a publicity stunt and refused to begin talks prematurely, the Sandinistas hurled another surprise. They called for an international commission to monitor Nicaragua's compliance with a Central American peace plan. The panel would include not only representatives from the Organization of American States, Socialist International and the United Nations but also members of the U.S. Democratic and Republican parties.

But the Reagan Administration was determined not to be outflanked yet again by the Sandinistas on the battlefield of public opinion. In a White House speech to supporters last week, Ronald Reagan sounded a familiar theme, arguing that continued *contra* pressure is needed to ensure that the Sandinistas keep their word. "We must make sure that each time the Sandinistas walk through a new door toward democracy, we close it behind them—and keep it closed," Reagan declared. "Only the freedom fighters can do that." Despite recent Nicaraguan concessions, including a bow to Washington's long sought demand that the Sandinistas talk directly to the *contras*, Reagan charged that the Sandinistas had not made "good faith efforts" to achieve peace.

The intense maneuvering in Washington and Managua could mean just one thing: another congressional vote on *contra* aid was at hand. But this vote, scheduled for next week, promises to be different. Seven years after first requesting money for the rebels and making the *contras* a cornerstone of his foreign policy, Reagan may be facing his final showdown over the fate of those he once likened to the Founding Fathers. Administration officials maintain that there are only enough military supplies in the pipeline to sustain the rebels through February. If the vote is no, Reagan will not be able to provide new funds until October, dangerously close to the end of his term, when his influence will be minimal. "If Congress votes down aid this time," Reagan warned last week, "the decision may well

be irrevocable." If the vote is yes, it may kill the Central American peace plan that has won a Nobel Prize for Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez but that is quickly running out of deadlines. Says Republican Representative Henry Hyde of Illinois: "It's going to be a very emotional, very bloody debate."

At the heart of that debate is the question of whether the Sandinistas can be trusted. A skeptical White House dismisses Sandinista concessions as cosmetic and insincere. "Each step they have taken, each reluctant reform, is still easily undone," Reagan insisted. Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut challenged that view. "Every time the Sandinistas make a concession, the White House sees it as a major setback," he

charged last week. White House Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater delivered a sharp rebuttal. "The Democrats, Chris Dodd and others, they want a surrender, and they think surrender is the best way to achieve peace. We disagree."

The outcome is too close to call, and some Washington officials point out that previous votes were also accompanied by dire predictions about the fate of peace in the region. But Republicans and Democrats agree that much will depend on Ortega's performance over the next few days. Two weeks ago, in an eleventh hour attempt to keep a five-month-old Central American peace process alive, Ortega offered several striking concessions, among them promises to lift Nicaragua's state of emergency and to hold direct talks with the

Awaiting their fate: With only enough military supplies to last a month, will the rebels be able



guerrillas. Last week he moved to honor those pledges, restoring civil liberties, disbanding an unpopular ad hoc court system and inviting the rebels for face-to-face negotiations. But the coincidental arrest in Nicaragua of five opposition leaders and hints that tough measures might follow approval of new *contra* aid strengthened suspicions about Ortega's motives. "All the Sandinistas care about now is stopping that aid," says an opposition leader in Nicaragua. "They will withdraw their concessions as soon as they have achieved this."

Certainly, Ortega has used well-timed gestures in the past to sway Congress. Shortly after the Reagan Administration made known its intent last September to seek \$270 million in *contra* funding, Ortega went on a public-relations offensive. He announced the reopening of two opposition news outlets, the newspaper *La Prensa* and Radio Católica, and pardoned 16 jailed rebel sympathizers. Sensing defeat, the U.S. Administration scaled back its request to just \$30 million. Still, Ortega pressed on. He agreed to indirect talks with the *contras* and designated Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo as the mediator. In the end, Congress granted only \$14.4 million.

Ortega is not letting up as the Reagan Administration presses its current cam-



Point, counterpoint: the two Presidents brace for a showdown

paign. His proposal last week for an international commission that would include members of the U.S. political parties was coupled with an offer to permit the *contras* to continue receiving humanitarian aid from the U.S. and other foreign sources. By offering the U.S. a role as both guarantor and benefactor in postwar Nicaragua, Ortega seems to be playing to a pet theme of the President's that Reagan has applied to arms treaties with the Soviets: trust, but verify.

Ortega's shrewd diplomacy has already had considerable impact on the pending aid vote. Just a month ago, the Reagan Administration still planned to request \$270 million in *contra* funds, much

of it to be designated as military aid. Last week, however, Fitzwater conceded that the "\$270 million figure has been overtaken by events." After several days of discussions, the White House decided to ask this week for less than \$50 million, with only 10% earmarked for lethal purposes. But Capitol Hill buzzed with proposals to postpone the aid vote. Among those championing a delay was Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole. A strong supporter of Reagan's *contra* policy who once called Ortega a "ringmaster of repression," Dole cautioned last week that there were not enough votes to assure new aid.

The turn of events has left Reagan feeling bruised. Once again, his determined support for the *contras* has produced congressional charges that his real agenda is a military victory at any cost. Pointing to recent Sandinista concessions, a senior White House official said last week, "I'm afraid the Administration has not done a good job in pointing out that we've been in the vanguard of making these proposals and urging these results." As happened during the U.S.-Soviet arms negotiations that led to last December's treaty, the White House is coming out second best on the public-relations front. Like Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev, Ortega has learned to curry international favor by responding to U.S. demands with the answer least expected by the White House: yes.

Also like Gorbachev, Ortega has found that his triumphs abroad can be offset by pressures back home. In Managua, it did not escape notice that Ortega had forsaken once immutable Sandinista positions, most notably a pledge that they would never negotiate with the *contras*, whom they refer to as U.S. puppets. After Ortega announced the talks, *La Prensa's* headline read SANDINISTAS SURRENDER. That theme was echoed in the streets and at the markets. "We have been going backward ever since the Sandinistas came to power," said Rosario Arroliga Quintanilla as she shooed flies from the filets of pork displayed at her small stand at Managua's Oriental market. "Now they are surrendering everything they have always said they would never surrender."

It may be that some members of the nine-member Sandinista directorate feel the same way. Since the five Central American Presidents signed Arias' peace pact last August, every conciliatory gesture made by Ortega in the international arena has been followed quickly by a harsh gesture at home that reminds the internal opposition not to push the limits of reform too fast. And each time the boot came down, rumors flew that the moderate and hard-line *comandantes* were in deep disagreement. Last week brought new evidence of strains. As Ortega decreed an end to the state of emergency, five more opposition

to survive a thumbs down from Capitol Hill?



World

members were arrested, bringing to twelve the number detained and released in the past two weeks. The arrests may have embarrassed and undercut Ortega, and were said to be the work of one of the directorate's toughest ideologues, Interior Minister Tomás Borge.

If the arrests were intended as a warning shot over Ortega's head, they apparently worked. The note of compromise that Ortega struck in San José two weeks ago while meeting with the peace plan signatories quickly evaporated when he returned home. During a visit last week to Ciudad Dario, a town north of Managua, he warned that if *contra* aid was approved, the Nicaraguan government would gain a "free hand to take necessary measures to defend the sovereignty, self-determination and independence of our country." The implication was that even a single additional cent of aid would provoke the Sandinistas to withdraw some, if not all, of their concessions. The hard truth is that Nicaragua's economy cannot withstand much more battering by the *contras*. Fuel shortages, coupled with *contra* attacks on installations, have forced the government to implement daily blackouts of up to ten hours a day.

If Ortega can sound inconsistent, so too can the *contra* leaders. For years the rebels and their U.S. backers have noisily demanded face-to-face negotiations with the Sandinistas. Now that the Sandinistas have agreed to such a meeting, the *contras* are as-



A tough ideologue: Sandinista Interior Minister Tomás Borge

Rumors that the comandantes are divided over concessions.

suming a tougher posture. "If Ortega wants to dialogue, he should come here himself," said Rebel Leader Aristides Sánchez last week before the *contras* rebuffed Nicaragua's invitation for early talks.

Scheduled to begin the negotiations this week, the rebels may demand that the meeting be put off until after Feb. 6, when Cardinal Obando is expected to return from a just announced trip to Rome. The *contras* may also insist that Nicaragua's internal opposition participate or require that the negotiations include political matters. The guerrillas are reluctant to hammer out a cease-fire just as the aid vote is coming due. But they risk appearing uninterested in peace at a time when the Sandinistas are making a point

of their eagerness to negotiate.

This week, as the showdown on Capitol Hill approaches, the Administration is expected to escalate its own public-relations offensive. Reagan plans to make a fervent appeal for *contra* aid during his State of the Union address, then lobby the few dozen legislators who have not yet made up their minds. Secretary of State George Shultz and Lieut. General Colin Powell, the National Security Adviser, will also be deployed to the Hill to rally forces. Marvels Democratic Congressman Lee Hamilton of Ohio, an opponent of rebel aid: "There's an intensity there that is lacking on other issues."

Senior White House aides have begun to acknowledge that the Sandinistas deserve partial credit for their proposals, but

they quickly contend that more needs to be done. "I think progress is being made," said a high-ranking assistant. "Not enough progress, but there is movement." Administration officials insist that Reagan is willing to stop military assistance as soon as the Sandinistas and the *contras* negotiate a cease-fire, but even if that were to happen, the President is not likely ever to trust the Sandinistas. After seven years, countless speeches and millions in aid, Ronald Reagan's dedication to the *contras* remains undiminished. In the battle over rebel aid, Reagan is determined to fight on, even if the smell of peace is in the air.

—By Jill Smolowe

Reported by John Moody/San José and Barrett Seaman/Washington

Murders Most Foul

As representatives of the Sandinistas and the *contras* verbally assaulted each other in San José last week, the Costa Rican capital was also the site of a landmark case being tried by the Inter-American Court of Human Rights. On trial is the government of Honduras, which has been charged with "integral responsibility" in the disappearance and presumed murder of an unspecified number of its citizens by army death squads. Though the evidence presented at the proceedings deals specifically with the disappearance of four people in the early 1980s, no individuals are on trial; rather, the court is attempting to determine if there is a pattern of murderous conduct on the part of Honduras. For many Latin Americans, the missing four may come to symbolize the thousands who have mysteriously and tragically vanished throughout the hemisphere over the years.

As the judicial arm of the Organization of American States, the court has until now given only advisory opinions. While the trial deals solely with Honduras, the ruling is expected to be cited as a precedent in future cases and may serve as a model of international law. Compared with the record of abuses in such countries as El Salva-

dor and Paraguay, the number of disappearances in Honduras is relatively small. But the histories of the four who vanished there satisfied the OAS's requirements for hearing such cases, including that the petitioners must have exhausted all other avenues of recourse. Moreover, Honduras is one of the few countries that accept the court's jurisdiction. Last week Honduran President José Azcona Hoyo pledged to accept whatever verdict the court reaches.

The case is a lawyer's nightmare. Since the bodies of death-squad victims are seldom found, little prima facie evidence exists. The court has thus had to rely on the testimony of those who have brushed up against the death squads. Their willingness to cooperate has already produced tragic results. A human-rights official and a former Honduran army sergeant have been killed in the past three weeks.

Many Hondurans believe they were silenced by death squads.

The court's seven magistrates are not expected to reach a verdict until June. If they find Honduras guilty, they can issue a condemnation and order the government to pay reparations. "This case has the potential to depoliticize human rights," says Claudio Grossman, one of the lawyers involved in the prosecution. "Instead of making human rights a point of ideological discourse, it can be adjudicated."



Death squad logo

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THE BELIEVERS	IN BEVERLY HILLS	BACK TO SCHOOL
RADIO DAYS	MARY POPPINS	THE FRENCH CONNECTION
CARNAL KNOWLEDGE	SOMETHING WILD	COCOON
ALIEN	A LION IN WINTER	COMMANDO
BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	PROJECT X
AMAZING GRACE AND CHUCK	MONA LISA	OLD FELLER
THE COTTON CLUB	HUSH HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE	THE SWORD IN THE STONE
BLUE VELVET	NOTHING IN COMMON	BLADE RUNNER
THE THREE AMIGOS	SPLASH	BACHELOR PARTY
THE PRODUCERS	YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN	HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II	THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL	DONALD'S HOLE'S NICKEL
THE FLY (1986)	STAR WARS	JEWEL OF THE NILE
THE STEPFATHER	THE LITTLE VIOLET	THE SOUND OF MUSIC
	HEARTBREAK RIDGE	THE RED BALLOON
		ERNEST GOES TO CAMP
		SILKWOOD
		THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
		RUTHLESS PEOPLE
		THE UNION FIELD
		DOCTOR DOLITTLE
		ALL ABOUT EYE
		TODD TOWN TODD
		THE TURNING POINT
		ALICE IN WONDERLAND



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DUMBO	1941
LOVE ME TENDER	1956
THE COLOR OF MONEY	1986
THE MOONING AT TEA	1946
THE MUSTIF	1946
THE LONGEST DAY	1962
THE OMEN	1976
THE TERMINATOR	1984
ROMANCKING THE STONE	1984
ONE FLY OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST	1984
SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA	1984
COOL OF SILENCE	1984
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PANAMA

Moving Against The General

Noriega rejects a U.S.-backed plan to make him step down

Firecrackers exploded over Panama City last week as the main opposition newspaper, *La Prensa*, prepared to resume publication for the first time since it was banned six months ago. After a government prosecutor returned the building's keys to the paper's owners, supporters waved white handkerchiefs and shouted with joy. "This is a victory of the international press," declared Publisher Ruben Carles, who said the reopening was due to foreign and domestic "pressures" on the government.

Nor was press freedom the only area where the regime of General Manuel Antonio Noriega was coming under pressure. The Panamanian strongman angrily rejected a plan to get him to hand over power to a civilian government. Drafted with U.S. backing by José Blandón, a trusted Noriega ally, the proposal called for the general to retire by spring and for free elections to be held in 1989. Noriega responded by having Blandón fired as Panama's consul general in New York City.

The general's reaction dismayed White House officials. Blandón drew up his plan last fall after mass protests swept Panama, prompted by charges that implicated Noriega in murder, drug smuggling and election fraud. According to Gabriel Lewis, Panama's former U.S. Ambassador, Noriega had asked Blandón for a blueprint that would let him retire with-



Hanging tough: the embattled strongman presses the flesh in Colón

out facing U.S. reprisals. Lewis arranged an October meeting between Blandón and Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, who stressed Washington's desire for democracy in Panama.

Blandón was in Washington last week to deliver fresh charges against his former boss. Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato of New York, co-chairman of the Senate Caucus on International Narcotics Control, met with Blandón for three hours. D'Amato said afterward that Noriega had apparently used the Panamanian military to found a "total criminal empire probably as large as any that may exist in the world." According to the Senator, Noriega's activities ranged "from drug running, protection, money laundering and arms trafficking to the il-

legal sale of passports." D'Amato quickly secured U.S. Marshals Service protection for Blandón and his family.

Blandón has been subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury in Miami that is looking into charges that Noriega extracted protection money from drug traffickers based in Panama. Until last week, according to U.S. Government sources, some federal investigators felt they lacked sufficiently compelling evidence to indict Noriega. Blandón's testimony could strengthen their case—especially if, as D'Amato says, the former consul general can provide documents and tape recordings to back up many of his allegations.

—By John Greenwald,
Reported by John Borrell/Panama City and
Elaine Shannon/Washington

HAITI

Junta's Choice?

Manigat paces the race

History, in Karl Marx's famed dictum, happens twice: the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce. Haitians experienced tragedy in November when soldiers and thugs murdered some 50 people and halted the country's first free presidential elections in 30 years. When the polls opened again last week, the result was closer to farce. The country's four leading populist candidates refused to run, and less than 10% of Haiti's 3 million voters turned out for the election, which was held amid a boycott called by opposition leaders. Election officials examined each vote before dropping it in the box. Ballot stuffing appeared to be widespread.

The big winner seemed to be Leslie Manigat, 57, a former political science professor who fled Haiti during the Duvalier dictatorship and spent 23 years in exile in France and Venezuela. A preliminary tally indicated that Manigat won slightly more than 50% of the vote. Brega-

dier General Henri Namphy, head of the country's three-man military junta, initially favored another candidate, but Manigat apparently won the last-minute support of the junta's Brigadier General Williams Regala and another top military leader. "Manigat could only get to where he has got through an obscure, rigged situation," says a Haitian social scientist. "He



The former exile awaits the final verdict
Namphy had favored another candidate.

would like only to be President. He has no other agenda."

Candidates Grégoire Eugène and Gerard Philippe-Auguste denounced the preliminary results and threatened to show proof of fraud. The Reagan Administration, which halted \$78.7 million in aid to Haiti after last November's bloodbath, acknowledged that the voting was not "fully free and open" but noted that the U.S. "is gratified that these elections took place in an atmosphere free of violence." In the same vein, though officials contended the U.S. will not resume economic and military aid until Haiti becomes more democratic, they indicated they could work with Manigat.

If Manigat is finally declared the winner, he will be sworn in as President on Feb. 7. For Haiti's junta, meanwhile, it was business as usual. Police arrested Opposition Leader Louis Dejoie at Port-au-Prince airport as he returned from criticizing the government on a trip abroad and charged him with fomenting civil war. Dejoie was released two days later after hundreds of protesters demonstrated outside the National Penitentiary, where he was being held.

World

THE MIDDLE EAST

Beatings in Place of Bullets

As Israel tries a new tack, negotiations stay on the back burner

The Israelis have tried tear gas, rubber bullets and real ones, mass arrests, imprisonment and deportations. All of those strategies have failed to stop the wave of unrest that has engulfed Israel's occupied territories during the past seven weeks. So last week Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin shifted tactics one more time. From now on, he said, his soldiers would not fire on stone-tossing protesters—they would beat them up.

In a speech before Labor Party officials in the Knesset, Rabin defended the policy by pointing out that "no demonstrators have died from being thrashed on the head." Israeli troops armed with wooden truncheons were dispatched to potential trouble spots in the Gaza Strip and West Bank. By week's end United Nations relief officials reported that soldiers had used clubs and fists to beat hundreds of Palestinians, including some women who were caught violating the around-the-clock curfew that has confined tens of thousands to their homes. At least ten of those beaten required hospitalization. Government leaders conceded that the pummeling would do nothing to enhance Israel's prestige around the



Police armed with truncheons detain an Arab
Curfews in the camps imposed an uneasy calm.

world. Said a senior official: "Our image has been bad, and I'm afraid it will remain so with this new policy."

The curfew, which affected refugee camps in Gaza and the West Bank, was extended Friday evening to a neighborhood in Arab East Jerusalem, the first time such a measure had been used there since Israel seized the sector in 1967. The restriction imposed an uneasy tranquility in the territories, but even Rabin called it a "forced calm" likely to be shattered as

soon as the Arab population was allowed back on the streets. Some curfew restrictions were lifted after complaints of food shortages. Israeli officials insisted that any shortages were self-imposed, the result of a commercial strike that has shuttered most Arab shops in Gaza, East Jerusalem and the West Bank for more than two weeks.

According to Israeli security sources, an underground Palestinian steering committee has now been set up to organize and encourage future disturbances. It is made up of six to eight people, at least three of them Islamic fundamentalists and the rest with ties to the Palestine Liberation Organization. The P.L.O., initially caught off guard by the spontaneous uprisings, said its main arm, Fatah, was responsible for an attempted raid into northern Israel by three Palestinians. The trio entered the country by cutting a large hole in the security fence along the Lebanese border and apparently intended to attack a nearby kibbutz. The raiders were hunted down by an Israeli border patrol and killed in a firefight.

The assault gave Israeli officials one more reason to reject the possibility of pursuing peace talks with the P.L.O.'s Yasser Arafat. But beyond the policy of beatings, Israeli officials offered no new ideas for dealing with Palestinian unrest. Shimon Peres, the Labor Party leader and Foreign Minister in the national unity government, suggested that the elections scheduled for November be moved up in hopes of producing a government better able to deal with the crisis. Predictably, Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, head of the right-wing Likud bloc, rejected the idea, saying it "would weaken our standing in the eyes of the Arabs."

Peres, who is eager to make the occupied territories an issue in the election campaign, is pushing the Reagan Administration to renew its peacemaking efforts in the region. Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak will do the same during his scheduled visit to Washington this week, while Shamir is scheduled to arrive in the U.S. capital for talks in mid-March. At the U.N. last week, Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze proposed in a letter that the five permanent members of the Security Council take steps to organize a peace conference. And in Moscow, the Kremlin agreed to receive an Israeli diplomatic delegation for the first time since 1967.

With less than a year left in office, however, Ronald Reagan is in a poor position to offer any new U.S. peace initiatives. "There is no denying Washington has put this issue on the back burner," said a congressional aide involved in foreign affairs. "In fact, it may even fall off the stove."

—By Michael S. Serrill
Reported by Robert Slater/Jerusalem and Nancy Traver/Washington

Islam's Voice in Gaza

"The first generation had patience," says Sheikh Ahmad Yasin, reclining on the floor of a chilly room in his house in the Gaza Strip as he talks about Palestinian frustrations under Israeli rule. "But this patience will not be repeated by the new generation," he adds, choosing his words with care lest he be arrested by the Israelis. Sheikh Yasin, 51, is a spiritual leader of the Islamic fundamentalist movement in Gaza and thus a prime force behind the religious gale that has recently fanned the flames of unrest in the occupied territories.

Born in the Arab village of Al-Joura, Sheikh Yasin has been paralyzed below the neck since age 15 as the result of an athletic accident. He resides with his wife and eleven children in a one-story house in Gaza City. Family members assist him in dressing and eating. Despite his handicap, he runs al-Mujama al-Islami, a community organization that builds mosques and sponsors cultural activities.

In 1984 Israeli authorities found an arms cache in the cellar of his mosque. Sheikh Yasin and several dozen followers were charged with illegal possession of weapons and intent to destroy the state of Israel; though he was sentenced to 13 years in jail, he was freed ten months later in a mass exchange of Palestinian political prisoners for Israeli POWs in Lebanon.

Bundled in a faded blanket and offering his visitors oranges and tea, Sheikh Yasin derides the nationalist ideology of the Palestine Liberation Organization and instead insists that Palestinian aspirations can be realized only by creating an Islamic state. "If God wants an Islamic solution, then God's wish will be implemented," declares the sheik. He professes to have abandoned violence, but he adds confidently, "Believing in God and in Islam means having the readiness to die."



Sheikh Ahmad Yasin



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Projection of military might: U.S. F-4 Phantom fighters lined up on the sprawling Clark airfield in the Philippines

World

DIPLOMACY

Growing Troubles for U.S. Bases

High costs and inhospitable hosts hamper installations abroad

Spain's Torrejón Air Base outside Madrid boasts the longest runway in Western Europe. Last week, as usual, that shimmering 2.8-mile ribbon of concrete served as takeoff and touchdown point for U.S. F-16 fighters flying daily practice missions. But suburban Madrileños, grown used to wincing at the ear-splitting shriek from the planes, took comfort in the knowledge that they would not have to endure it indefinitely. As the result of negotiations between the U.S. and the Socialist government of Prime Minister Felipe González, the 79 F-16s flown by the U.S. Air Force's 401st Tactical Fighter Wing must leave Torrejón by May 1991. The pullout will take place to Washington's regret—but at Madrid's insistence.

One less U.S. fighting unit around the world may not significantly affect the global balance of power. But Torrejón is by no means the only U.S. military outpost whose future has been called into question by a host government. Partly because of a chance convergence of treaty expiration dates, but mainly because many countries are increasingly reluctant to allow American armed forces to be housed on their soil, the U.S. could soon be facing a global basing crisis. Washington has already been asked to withdraw installations from such friendly nations as Thailand and Pakistan, and some strategists warn that the day may come when Washington will be forced to find alternatives to overseas bases as a

means of projecting its strategic power.

While the "de-basing" phenomenon has not quite reached that point, defense agreements covering U.S. installations in five nations, four of them NATO allies, are the subject of intense and sometimes rancorous negotiations. "This is a watershed issue that can't help but affect American security," says Frank Gaffney, a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, now at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative Washington think tank. Items:

- Negotiators are working against a May 14 deadline to reach agreement on three major U.S. military installations in Spain besides Torrejón. The González government has agreed in principle to permitting continued U.S. access to any of the

three. But Spanish public opinion is hardly reassuring. A poll published in December by the Madrid daily *Diario 16* showed that 48% of those questioned favored total withdrawal of U.S. bases from Spanish territory.

- Portugal has requested a review of its eight-year treaty permitting the U.S. use of the Lajes Air Base in the Azores. The reason, says right-of-center Prime Minister Aníbal Cavaco Silva, is that the agreement "is not being entirely respected." Translation: because of congressional cuts, the \$147 million in U.S. aid that Portugal received last year was substantially less than it expected.

- U.S. and Greek negotiators have been meeting since November to discuss a follow-up to their current bases treaty, which expires next December. The Socialist government of Andreas Papandreu is seeking an increase in the level of U.S. aid it receives—\$430 million in 1987—as part of a deal allowing Washington to continue using its four Greek bases.

- Turkey has been sitting on a pending military treaty with the U.S. for nearly a year, refusing to ratify the document until it is satisfied that Congress will deliver the \$913 million in military and economic aid promised by the Reagan Administration negotiators. The stalling tactic has so far not significantly impaired operations at more than two dozen U.S. military installations in the country.

- With their current military treaty due to expire in 1991, U.S. and Filipino negotiators are planning to open talks in April on a possible renewal. The pact covers Clark Air Base and the Subic Bay Naval Base, the two largest American



Papandreu's wife protesting Yankee presence in Greece

A reluctance to play host to Americans on local soil.

World

military installations outside the U.S. The Philippines depends heavily on the \$266 million in U.S. aid and \$164 million in local earnings that the bases provide each year. Even so, Philippines Foreign Secretary Raul Manglapus has warned that any new treaty would require the U.S. to accept "new conditions" that would ban nuclear weapons from the bases. A similar stipulation by New Zealand prompted Washington to renounce its defense arrangement with that country in 1986.

Technically, Washington pays no "rent" for its foreign military bases, since they are assumed to be used for the defense of the local country as well as the U.S. But the costs linked directly to their operation, which ran to only about \$400 million in 1960, are expected to hit \$6 billion by 1990—not to mention the billions more in aid payments to host governments. Such spiraling prices are certain to fuel a growing U.S. debate over whether foreign bases are the best use of defense dollars.

Some host nations, moreover, are having second thoughts about allowing American installations on their soil at any price. One reason is their belief that the bases are less likely to be used against a threat posed by the Soviet Union than against a state like Libya, whose primary offense would probably be directed against the U.S. Writes Neoconservative Guru Irving Kristol in the *Wall Street Journal*: "What they do fear is getting entangled in a conflict that serves American interests but not their own. In short, what was once defined as an identity or at least mutuality of interests has ceased to be so."

Concerned that the U.S. could face a shortage of available or affordable bases in the future, the Pentagon in 1986 commissioned a report by the Hudson Institute to explore alternatives. The study suggested the possibility of opening U.S. facilities in countries with which Washington does not have basing agreements at the moment, including Morocco and Israel, in part to "reduce the negotiating leverage" of current partners. Some highly advanced future technologies, including the Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars) and the proposed National Aerospace Plane, which is designed to maneuver both in orbit and in the atmosphere, might eventually allow the U.S. to operate out of domestic bases for some purposes. Yet such systems will take years, and billions of dollars, to develop.

For the foreseeable future, said NATO Supreme Commander General John Galvin last week, the U.S. will have to come to terms with the "military reality that you must tie your base structure to what you need for long-range mobility." What the U.S. needs for that mobility continues to be an array of overseas bases in roughly their present configuration. That makes the precedent set at Torrejon all the more worrisome.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Murray J. Galt and Bruce van Voorst/Washington, with other bureaus

AFGHANISTAN

Rebuff from the Rebels

A mujahedin leader casts doubt on a compromise deal

Increasingly, the signs seemed to point to a Soviet exit from Afghanistan before the end of 1988. Kremlin officials made no secret of their desire to bring home their 115,000 troops. Both the Soviet-backed regime of Afghan Leader Najibullah and the government of Pakistan, which supports the mujahedin rebels, predicted that the Geneva negotiations expected to resume in March under United Nations auspices would be the "last round" leading to a final agreement. But a sharply worded declaration from the guerrillas, blasting the Geneva talks and

be the judge of any such concessions.

Khalis, however, was not speaking with the full backing of his alliance's membership. Pir Sayed Ahmad Gailani, leader of the most important moderate guerrilla faction, criticized Khalis for failing to clear his statement with other mujahedin leaders. Gailani told *TIME* he favored talking with Cordovez. That way, he said, "at least he will know what our position is and pass it on" to the Soviets. Gailani's rebuff of a fellow rebel may be part of the jockeying for position in a post-Soviet power structure.



A guerrilla adjusting a rocket-propelled grenade launcher during the fighting in Khost

A convenient pretext for Soviet withdrawal, but Moscow has yet to fix a date.

casting serious doubt on their willingness to accept a compromise settlement, dimmed hopes last week for a solution.

The rebel statement was issued shortly before the arrival in Islamabad of U.N. Under Secretary-General Diego Cordovez, who has mediated at the previous eleven rounds of Geneva talks between the Afghan and Pakistani governments. Yunis Khalis, chairman of the loosely knit alliance of seven mujahedin groups, refused to meet Cordovez. He accused the U.N. official of presiding over negotiations designed "to recognize the Kabul puppet government" and demanded that Moscow bargain directly with the rebels.

Khalis' outburst was also a pointed reply to earlier remarks by Pakistani President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, who has allowed the U.S.-supplied rebels to operate from his territory. In an interview with the *New York Times*, Zia said an interim government including members of the Soviet-backed ruling party would be "not much of a price to pay in my opinion." Khalis sought to make it clear that the rebels, not Zia, would

When the Soviets lifted a rebel siege of the strategically placed town of Khost at the end of December, some Western diplomatic observers and Pakistani analysts in Islamabad thought that would give them a pretext to declare victory in the eight-year-old war and begin pulling out. But the Soviets have so far refused to fix a firm timetable for their withdrawal. The rebels, meanwhile, seemed determined to keep up the pressure, as they demonstrated late last week at the funeral of Abdul Ghaflar Khan, a onetime disciple of Mahatma Gandhi and in later years an anti-mujahedin leftist. Khan died in Pakistan at age 98 and was buried in the Afghan city of Jalalabad. Afghan and Pakistani authorities allowed a funeral procession of some 2,000 vehicles to enter Afghanistan under Soviet military escort for the burial, which was attended by Najibullah. Just as Khan's body was being lowered into the ground, two bombs ripped through a parking area about half a mile away, killing a dozen people and wounding many more.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Ross H. Munro/Islamabad

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World

MOZAMBIQUE

Agony on the African Coast

Famine and civil war grip a former Portuguese colony

When the rebels attacked her village at night, Felice Maria Arundo snatched up her son and daughter and fled into the bush until the screaming and shooting stopped. Morning found the grass huts burned and the ground strewn with the bodies of older villagers. Some of the young had been carried off. Defenseless and desperate, Felice Maria and other survivors headed east. Her two-year-old son died before they reached the protected settlement of Inhamaing eight days later. Her ten-year-old daughter was shriveled from starvation but still alive. All they wore was strips of bark. "They come in like this every day," said Mike Mispelaar, head of operations for CARE, the New York City-based international relief agency. "It's like seeing people walk out of hell."

That is an unfortunately apt description for one of Africa's most impoverished lands. A once beautiful country with a striking 1,500-mile coastline, Mozambique (pop. 15 million) has fallen into the double grip of famine and civil war since winning independence from Portugal in 1975. As many as 6.5 million Mozambicans could face starvation as a result of drought and the depredations of the rebels known as the Mozambique National Resistance, or Renamo, whose support comes from right-wing sources in South Africa and the U.S. Determined to oust the Marxist-oriented Frelimo government in Maputo, Renamo has cut rail lines, sacked villages and destroyed countless schools and clinics since it began intensifying its attacks in 1981. In a particularly vicious assault on the town of Homoine last year, the rebels massacred nearly 400 civilians. "The destruction is maniacal," says U.S. Ambassador Melissa Wells.

Renamo, which claims 24,000 followers, is not the only group that Mozambicans fear. Local warlords and bandits armed with Soviet-made AK-47 rifles murder and plunder at will. Some 80% of the nation is torn by mindless violence. Together with the outlaws, the rebels have driven more than 1 million people from their homes and halted food production by an estimated 2 million farmers. Once uprooted, the farmers are reluctant to plant again. Many refugees build smaller huts than their last ones, out of fear that the rebels will

return and destroy their new abodes.

The guerrillas, who have long hindered relief efforts by looting emergency provisions and destroying what they cannot carry away, are now even cutting off food deliveries. On Christmas the International Red Cross halted airlifts from Maputo to rural villages after Renamo threatened to shoot down the planes. Land routes are hardly safer. More than 400 people were killed in ambushes on the main road from Maputo to the north in the past three months alone. Traveling in convoys guarded by ill-equipped Frelimo

fire skirmish between the guerrillas and government troops. Maposse said the rebels crept like animals through the bush and consulted a witch doctor before deciding when to attack. Another youth was tortured and abandoned when he refused to kill members of his own family. The rebels chopped off an ear and the fingers of the boy's right hand.

Aid donors have begun considering military protection to help deliver food. Agencies argue that helicopter gunships, armored cars and communications equipment are needed to run rebel blockades. So far, however, no Western nation has agreed to provide weapons or matériel. The U.S. position is complicated by a split between the Reagan Administration and staunch conservative allies like Republican Senator Jesse Helms. While the

White House views Mozambique President Joaquim Chissano as a pragmatic leftist who wants to improve ties with the West, Helms has called loudly for rebel aid. In a fit of pique, Helms last year blocked the appointment of Wells as Ambassador to Maputo for four months.

Even without gunships, some aid continues to get through. Western donors have supplied \$22 million in trucks and tractors since 1984. CARE manages to move 11,000 tons of food and other relief supplies each month, mainly by road and rail. The routes, however, are often tortuously long. The straight-line distance from the northern town of Tete, a distribution center for relief shipments, to the famine-stricken Zumbo area on the western border is only 200 miles, yet the journey requires a

500-mile detour through Zimbabwe and Zambia. Round trips take at least ten days. Rail shipments from Zimbabwe to Maputo can take a month to arrive.

Curiously, the capital has recently shown signs of economic growth while under a virtual siege. Relaxation of rigid socialist controls has let new businesses emerge. Previously shuttered stores have reopened with fresh supplies of furniture, clothing and shoes. People can once again buy and sell prawns on the open market. The arrival of a shipload of Soviet cement late last year set off a modest building boom. "There has been no change in our overall aims," asserts Trade Minister Manuel Aranda da Silva. "But you can say that Frelimo has grown up and is now more mature." That growth will be hard to sustain, though, while the government fights for survival and nearly half its people cannot get enough food. —By John Greenwald, Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Maputo



Shelter from the storm: a refugee camp for victims of rebel attacks

Violence has driven more than 1 million people from their homes.

troops, relief vehicles are easy prey. Fifteen CARE drivers and assistants have lost their lives since 1984. Driver Vincent Joao Mendes was ambushed twelve miles from Maputo last November as he headed north with a truckload of corn. Mendes escaped by leaping from the cab of the truck, but a soldier and two others were wounded by gunfire. "Now I think a lot about my seven children," Mendes says. "I won't be going out of town for a long time."

For others, the specter of violence is harder to put to rest. "There is an entire generation in this country whose overriding psychosis is the 'banditos,'" Mispelaar observes. "These are the first words that two-year-olds utter before they say anything else." Social workers in Maputo are trying to relieve the nightmares of abducted youths. Fernando Maposse, 14, who was captured and forced to join the rebels, suffered from accidentally killing two members of his own band in a cross-

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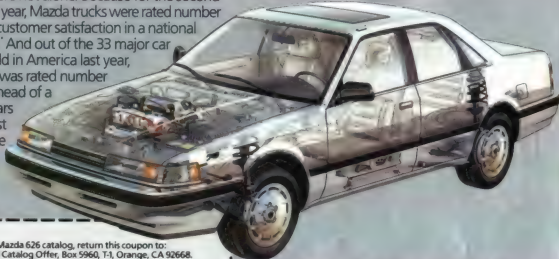
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World Notes



JAPAN Nanking carnage



FAMINE A food convoy heads for drought victims in Ethiopia



THE PHILIPPINES Aquino at the polls

JAPAN

Censoring the Emperor

One of the most memorable scenes in Bernardo Bertolucci's film *The Last Emperor* consists of newsreel footage depicting the slaughter of Chinese men, women and children by Japanese soldiers during the infamous 1937-38 "rape of Nanking." But when the film was previewed in Japan, the scene was gone. "A big misunderstanding," said a spokesman for the Shochiku-Fuji distribution company, which apparently snipped the 40-second sequence from its prints because it feared a backlash from right-wing Japanese. Bertolucci accused Shochiku-Fuji of mutilating his masterpiece, an epic tale of modern China. Company Executive Shinji Serada phoned the Italian director to apologize, and promised to restore the missing clip. But the flap was certain to dismay the Chinese, who have often accused Japan of trying to avoid the blame for its militaristic past.

FAMINE

Hunger as A Weapon

With at least 6 million Ethiopians threatened with starvation for the second time in three years because of drought,

Western food donations have once again begun pouring into the country. But much of this aid never reaches the hungry. Last week relief officials reported that 172 tons of food, given chiefly by Italy, were destroyed when rebels of the Eritrean People's Liberation Front attacked a 17-truck commercial convoy moving supplies to the stricken provinces of Eritrea and Tigre. The guerrillas say the vehicles were used to ferry ammunition to government troops, a charge adamantly denied by aid organizations and U.S. officials, who fear many people will die if relief supplies cannot be safely delivered to distribution centers.

HOSTAGES

Waiting Game For Waite

In the chapel of London's Lambeth Palace, Terry Waite's relatives gathered last week to observe the first anniversary of his disappearance. Although the Shi'ite Muslim Party of God is widely suspected of having kidnapped the Anglican Church official while he was on a humanitarian mission in Beirut to free two American captives, no group has ever claimed responsibility. Newspaper reports said Waite and other Western hostages were handed over to Iranian Revolutionary Guards earlier this year, but the accounts could

not be verified. Waite's boss, Archbishop of Canterbury the Most Rev. Robert Runcie, recently confirmed that the church paid nearly \$22,000 to two men who claimed that they could arrange a meeting with representatives of Waite's captors. The negotiations never came about.

ARGENTINA

No More Mr. Nice Guy

When a band of Argentine officers revolted last Easter, President Raúl Alfonsín rushed to the Campo de Mayo army garrison near Buenos Aires and talked the mutineers into surrendering. Faced last week with another rebellion of disgruntled soldiers in the northeastern city of Monte Caseros, Alfonsín chose not to waste any more words. Instead he sent 2,000 loyalist troops to crush the rebels at a local army base, ending a three-day uprising that had spread to several other units.

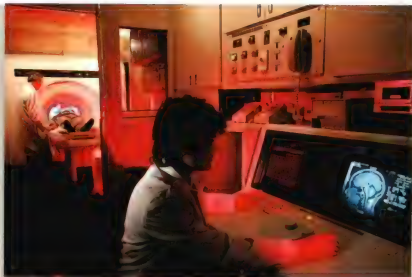
The government arrested 328 dissidents, including Revolt Leader Aldo Rico, 44, a cashiered lieutenant colonel who was embittered by the prosecution of officers for human rights atrocities committed during the 1976-83 period of military rule. He had fled authorities two weeks ago while awaiting court-martial for his part in the earlier rebellion. Declared a jubilant Alfonsín, after receiving the support of the army's high command: "Democracy in this country has been consolidated." But discontent in the armed forces simmers on.

THE PHILIPPINES

A Mixed Win For Cory

President Corason Aquino had grown accustomed to winning big at the polls. In last week's provincial and local elections, however, she had to settle for something less than a sweep. The governing coalition confidently predicted that 70% of its candidates would be elected, though the official count was not completed. Aquino's forces clearly fell short of that goal. Among those defeated were two of the President's relatives. "This is a rejection of the concept of political dynasty but not of Cory," said Senate President Jovito Salonga, an Aquino ally.

Afterward Defense Secretary Rafael Ilto quit, complaining of insufficient support for his efforts to strengthen the armed forces in the face of a Communist insurgency and a dissident movement within the military, and Aquino was forced to carry out a Cabinet shuffle. Ilto's successor: Armed Forces Chief of Staff Fidel Ramos, 59, one of the heroes of the 1986 military revolt that deposed former Dictator Ferdinand Marcos.



Nuclear magnetic resonance machines provide superior diagnostic quality, but at a price. This man had a tumor removed at a suburban HMO.

Economy & Business

Critical Condition

Defying all expectations, health costs continue to soar

Executives at General Motors are deeply concerned about a rising cost of doing business. Escalating wage demands perhaps, or increasing prices for steel? No, the problem has nothing to do with making cars. What really alarms GM is the company's health insurance plan. During the first nine months of last year, GM spent more than \$2 billion on medical care coverage for its 2.3 million employees and retirees and their dependents. In the same period, the profits earned by the giant industrial firm were \$2.7 billion. And while those earnings were only marginally higher than they had been a year earlier, the company's health care bill grew about 30%.

GM's dilemma dramatically illustrates a mounting disaster that threatens all of corporate America. After years of trickling increases, insurance premiums that companies pay for group health plans are suddenly swelling at flash-flood rates. The Health Insurance Association of America, an industry trade group, says commercial health insurers are boosting their premiums about 20% this year, vs. just 4% in 1987. Some group health plans have been hit by price increases as high as 70%.

The premium hikes are part of a general surge in costs that is hitting everyone covered by health insurance. On Jan. 1 the Medicare premiums paid by elderly and disabled Americans jumped 38.5%, from \$17.90 to \$24.80 a month,

the largest increase since the program was started in 1966. At the same time, Blue Cross and Blue Shield premiums for federal workers rose 38%.

These increases have stunned benefits managers, who believed health costs were finally starting to moderate. After all, medical care inflation, which was running at double-digit levels in the early 1980s, was just 5.8% last year. That was not much more than the 4.4% rise in the Consumer Price Index for 1987.

What went virtually unnoticed until now, however, was that while the pace of price increases was slowing, the number of medical claims filed with insurance companies was growing ominously, pushing up overall expenditures faster than expected. The total medical bill for U.S. health care rose last year about 10%, from \$458 billion to more than \$500 billion, or 11% of the gross national product. Those costs are expected to climb an additional 15% this year.

The new hikes in health insurance premiums are even larger than the current rate of growth in medical spending, in part because insurers base their premiums on past trends. Insurers concede that several years ago, actuaries underestimated the part that nonhospital care and increased utilization of medical services would play in pushing up health care expenditures. The increases now taking effect are designed to make up for rates that

were too low for the past two to three years. Industry economists say rates should rise more slowly starting next year.

The explosion in medical premiums hits business especially hard. Except for Government workers and those covered by Medicare and Medicaid, most Americans are insured against medical expenses through private employers. To provide that coverage, U.S. companies will pay \$130 billion in insurance premiums this year, up from \$110 billion in 1987.

Since the early 1980s, companies and the Government have worked to bring medical costs under control. At first, efforts focused on hospital use, the single largest category of medical expense. (Average 1987 cost for a hospital stay: \$697 a day.) Health-care analysts argued that the cost of many operations could be reduced significantly if, for example, patients checked in the day of surgery instead of one or two days in advance.

The Government first challenged the sky's-the-limit pricing practiced by hospitals in 1983. Congress enacted a set of maximum fees that it would pay for various kinds of treatment for Medicare patients. Because the hospitals made a profit only if they performed the procedures for less, they had an incentive to send patients home as soon as possible. Major insurance companies soon followed suit with their own cost ceilings, and employers devised incentives to encourage em-



A doctor explains a patient's treatment to a Cost Care nurse



And one, and two! Southwestern Bell keeps workers healthy with aerobics classes

employees to reduce the time they spent in hospitals. For one thing, they required second opinions before elective surgery.

This encouraging progress was undermined, however, as people began turning from hospitals to neighborhood clinics and doctors' offices. Since those providers of health care were not constrained by the same cost controls that had been imposed on hospitals, they were in many cases able to charge higher fees. Patients did not mind, because generally they were paying at most 20% of the cost.

Spotting a promising new line of business, hospital corporations opened so-called satellite clinics, many in residential areas. The neighborhood centers found a clientele among workers who were impressed by the convenience and availability of treatment. Says Bernard Tresnowski, president of Blue Cross and Blue Shield: "The incentives for outpatient treatment were so strong that people took advantage of them."

Doctors saw ways to protect their incomes from corporate budget cutters. One tactic: scheduling more frequent office visits for patients. Physicians also began to sell prescription drugs as a profitable sideline. In all, nonhospital expenditures grew last year by 10%. Says Deborah Steelman, a health-care analyst for Epstein Becker & Green, a Washington-based law firm: "We squeezed on one end of the system, and it came out on the other."

In addition to changes in the ways that consumers buy medical services, advances in medical research and technology have contributed to rising costs. Doctors who might have ordered X rays ten years ago, for example, now may call for the much more detailed—and more expensive—images produced by nuclear magnetic resonance imaging equipment. Moreover, the rise in malpractice awards has prompted doctors to order more tests. Blue Cross estimates that \$30 billion was spent on lab tests, X rays and electrocardiograms in 1986 and

that as many as half of those tests were not necessary.

To help corporations hold down medical costs, a whole new industry of medical efficiency experts has sprung up to track employee health care. Cost Care, based in Huntington Beach, Calif., monitors medical treatment for 4,000 U.S. companies. The doctors and registered nurses who work for the firm follow the progress of hospitalized patients and sometimes give advice on appropriate treatment. Cost Care boasts that it can cut corporate health costs as much as 23%.

Another strategy is to try to keep workers healthy in the first place. Many firms now sponsor "wellness" programs to encourage better eating and exercise habits. CTI, a Knoxville-based manufacturer of medical equipment, holds aerobics classes for its 105 employees and organizes group hikes and ski trips.

In Memphis, Federal Express, Holiday Corp., First Tennessee Bank and a score of other local employers have joined to form the Memphis Business Group On Health,

"Businesses are finally waking up to the fact that they have to manage health-care costs the way they manage everything else."

which negotiates rates and medical coverage for its members. In response, Baptist Memorial Hospital of Memphis has agreed to bill the firms at special low rates in exchange for employee referrals. Says Gordon Smith, president of the group: "Businesses are finally waking up to the fact that they have to manage health-care costs the way they manage everything else."

During the past five years, thousands of employers have added Health Maintenance Organizations to their coverage. HMOs treat employees and their families

for a fixed annual fee. Since they make more profits if they provide less expensive medical care, they have a strong incentive to discourage overuse of their facilities. Though HMOs were widely heralded as an effective way for companies to trim costs, so far that promise remains largely unfulfilled. Many client firms have complained that HMO rates are just as high as those for ordinary insurance coverage.

A 15-year study of 5,800 employees conducted by the Rand Corp., the Santa Monica, Calif., think tank, suggests that the best way to curb overutilization of health care may be to shift more of the financial burden to workers. Participants in the study were assigned a variety of insurance plans, ranging from one that cost the worker nothing to one that carried a \$1,000 deductible. Employees in the free plan used 50% more medical services than those who had to pay the high deductible. Recognizing this link between low payments by patients and heavy use of medical facilities, many firms have increased what their employees must pay for health care.

That will help, but it cannot halt the health-spending spiral. Many experts believe that at some point limitations will have to be placed on a physician's prerogative to order costly procedures. Says Dr. William Roper, chief of the Health Care Financing Administration: "You cannot have unfettered decision making by physicians and control expenditures."

For American business, the issue is crucial. Unless companies can control medical outlays, they will have to keep boosting the prices of their products and thus become less competitive in world markets. In that event, many workers might face a prospect even more troubling than rising medical premiums: losing their jobs.

—By Janice Castro.
Reported by Richard Bruns/New York and Richard Hornik/Washington

Mission: Just About Impossible

The Pentagon's new procurement czar looks for ways to save

At an age when most executives are thinking of retirement, Robert Costello, 61, has just accepted the challenge of a lifetime. He is the new Under Secretary of Defense for Acquisition, the chief buyer for what amounts to the largest business enterprise in the world. Every day the 170,000 Pentagon employees who report to him sign some 56,000 contracts with private firms ranging from industrial giants like General Dynamics, Boeing and General Electric to tiny subcontractors. As the Pentagon's procurement czar, Costello will buy goods and services worth \$170 billion this year. He must also oversee the costs of 2,600 weapons systems, as well as a bewildering variety of research and development projects. "Make no mistake," says Costello's boss, Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci, "Bob is undertaking one of the most demanding assignments in the department."

The sheer size of the job is enough, but Costello, a former General Motors executive, also faces the task of restoring efficiency and respectability to an operation riddled with waste, tarred by scandal and engulfed by criticism from Congress and the press. The stakes are enormous: unless Costello spends the Pentagon's money wisely, the Soviet Union will overtake the U.S. in the military technology race. Admiral Kinnaird McKee, director of Naval Nuclear Propulsion, has warned that Soviet submarine technology "is rapidly catching up with that in the West."

While Costello's task is to keep the U.S. ahead, he must do so at a time of serious concern about the federal deficit and severe budget constraints. Carlucci, who last November succeeded Caspar Weinberger, the freest-spending Defense Secretary in U.S. history (\$2.4 trillion in just under eight years), has ordered that planned Pentagon outlays in the fiscal 1989 budget now being prepared must be cut by \$33 billion, or 10%.

Congress created Costello's post in 1986 following disclosures of huge cost overruns by defense contractors and allegations that companies had, among many other offenses, billed the Pentagon for their executives' country-club fees and charged as much as \$7,500 for a coffeepot used in aircraft. The principal remedy, lawmakers thought, would be to centralize all procurement authority in the hands of a single individual. Until then, such power had been spread among a myriad of departments. Said Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder, a Colorado Democrat: "We envisioned a czar who would kick trash cans and have rats jump out."

The first appointed rat kicker was

Richard Godwin, a former senior executive at Bechtel, the San Francisco-based construction and engineering company where both Weinberger and Secretary of State George Shultz held top-level jobs. But Godwin found himself frustrated at every turn, and he was unable to stop or even slow the defense-cost spiral. The latest quarterly report on military acquisitions put the total projected costs of 94 important weapons systems at \$823 billion, an increase of \$412 million in only three months. The F-15 fighter jets that



Each F-15 sets the Pentagon back \$39 million

the Air Force now flies cost \$39 million each (initially, the price was projected to be \$26 million), and the proposed SSN-21 attack submarine will hit the water at \$1.8 billion per boat (initially projected at \$1 billion). A fair amount of the money the Pentagon spends is totally wasted. The Army spent five years developing the LHX helicopter only to scrap the project after going through \$800 million of Government money and

\$500 million from industrial contractors.

Godwin resigned last September in exasperation, complaining that "the institution was not prepared to change the status quo." He was constantly battling the Pentagon bureaucracy, but did not receive the necessary backing from Weinberger. One of his most controversial moves was to set up a Pentagon-wide computer system to look over the bureaucrats' shoulders and follow the progress of the major weapons systems being developed by each service. That only stirred more resentment and intransigence. Admitted Deputy Defense Secretary William Howard Taft IV: "There aren't any czars in Washington, and it was probably misleading to tell Godwin he would be one."

The fate of his predecessor does not perturb Costello, who has won a pledge of full support from Carlucci. The affable Costello believes more in consensus than in confrontation. One of his first actions was to scale back the scope of Godwin's Big Brother-style computer system. "This is a policy job," he says. "I'm not supposed to deal with the nitty-gritty."

Costello will focus on nudging defense contractors to become more efficient. To that effort, he brings impressive experience. As GM's procurement chief for six years, he bought \$60 billion worth of goods and services annually. He also played an important role, together with Toyota executives, in developing the GM-Toyota joint venture in Fremont, Calif., which manufactures compact cars. The project has transformed a failing factory into one of the most productive operations in the auto industry.

Can similar transformations take place in the defense industry? Costello notes that 30% of the cost of a typical weapons system stems from corporate overhead expenses like public relations. Such costs, he feels, can be sharply reduced. To speed the process, Costello will demand more competitive bidding on contracts. At present, 40% of the awards go to a single bidder. But Costello is just as concerned with quality as he is with costs. The key to quality control, he says, is for the companies to learn to build things right the first time rather than rely on inspections to catch defects.

The Pentagon procurement chief sees a positive side to the deep cuts in store for defense. Says he: "Big defense budgets nurtured a lot of bad habits around this place. Leuner budgets will force some long-needed reforms." But Costello has far to go if he is to prove that his easygoing style can be better than Godwin's abrasive approach in reforming the world's most unmanageable operation.

—By Bruce van Voorst/

Washington



Costello will demand more competitive bidding. "Big budgets nurtured a lot of bad habits."

Tales of the Flesh Trade

The East bloc reaps profits by selling its talent to the West

When the coaches of the Eintracht professional soccer team in Frankfurt, West Germany, went shopping for a top star to boost their squad's flagging performance, they first considered the usual procedure: raiding the rosters of their West European competitors. Then Eintracht's scouts decided to look east, and a powerful young Hungarian soon caught their eye. As it happened, the sports authorities in Communist Hungary were delighted to discuss trading a winning player for hard currency. After weeks of bargaining, the two sides cut a deal. Last fall Hungary's top star, Lajos Detari, 24, began playing in West Germany on a three-year contract worth \$2 million.

The lucrative deal was among hun-

steel, shoddy carpeting. But the East bloc's human exports are often top of the line. Many of the most talented performers have been trained from as young as age six at rigorous state-run sports or music institutions. Other stars, circus artists among them, possess skills that are centuries-old specialties of Eastern Europe. Yet Communist governments are so hungry for hard currency to help finance growing debts to Western lenders and pay for imported products that they routinely mark down the price of their talent by one-half to one-fifth the going rate for similarly skilled performers from the West. The artists and athletes benefit by gaining a share of the hard-currency income as well as enhanced reputations and the coveted

signal racing skis. Even when the East bloc performers finally receive their share of the take, their governments routinely take a second cut by requiring them to exchange half or more of what is left into nonconvertible East bloc currency at unfavorable official rates.

Many Eastern exports are now high-profile performers, including Czechoslovakia's Smetana Quartet, a string ensemble that earns \$5,000 a performance in Western cities. Czechoslovak Hockey Player Jaroslav Pouzar, 36, helped Canada's Edmonton Oilers win three Stanley Cup championships. Though most East bloc talents are more modestly gifted, Western clients are usually delighted with them. Says a Viennese cabaret manager who hires Polish dancers: "They are better trained than Westerners, work longer and cost less." A four-man Prague dance band called Bob's Combo belts out tunes in English, German and even Japanese



Benachkova is a diva in Milan and Vienna



Bob's Combo sings aboard the Sun Viking



Pouzar helped win three Stanley Cups

Performers range from Czechoslovak sopranos and Bulgarian pop singers to Polish striptease artists and Rumanian high-wire circus acts.

dreds struck in the past few years in a booming sector of East-West trade: the hawking of East European talent to the West for cash or merchandise. Polish soccer goalies, Czechoslovak hockey forwards and East German handball coaches are only part of the business. Such athletes have been joined by thousands of other performers, ranging from the likes of renowned Czechoslovak Soprano Gabriela Benachkova, a diva at the prestigious Milan and Vienna opera houses, to Hungarian gypsy bands, Polish striptease artists, Bulgarian pop singers and Rumanian high-wire circus acts. Although the East bloc governments refuse to disclose the revenues they reap from the talent trade, Western economists estimate that contracts for 1986 alone may have amounted to \$100 million. Says a Hungarian trade official: "People are one of the few commodities we can sell easily in the West."

The region's conventional exports suffer a reputation for second-rate quality: outdated electronic calculators, low-grade

freedom to travel outside the bloc. The state benefits by taking a cut that can range from a modest 10% to a confiscatory 80%.

This talent-export system relies on the Communist authorities' monopoly over sport and culture. In the East bloc, the state controls all sports teams, sponsors philharmonic orchestras and dance troupes and even runs discos, cabarets and jazz clubs. By law, all foreign contracts must be funneled through official talent agencies, which act as impresarios cum exporters. Most of the bloc countries have two agencies, one that deals with sports and another that handles all other specialties. The agencies scout the domestic talent, promote their performers abroad, take bids from Western concerns and negotiate contracts.

Typically, the deals involve contracts of three to five years. The government often takes its percentage in the form of name-brand Western equipment needed by East bloc teams, including Head tennis rackets, Adidas running shoes and Ros-

aboard the Royal Caribbean cruise liner *Sun Viking*. The Polish five-woman ensemble Sabat was performing aboard the *Achille Lauro* when the Italian cruise ship was hijacked by terrorists in 1985. Nightclubs from West Berlin to Los Angeles to Kuwait are staffed with Polish and Rumanian chorus girls, strippers and "hostesses."

East bloc athletes and artists are so eager for a taste of capitalist comforts that they sometimes bribe officials in the state talent agencies to secure foreign contracts. Small though the performers' share of the fee may be, it is often enough to buy a Western automobile and finance a princely standard of living when they return home. But most who venture west seek fame as well as fortune. "In Poland I would pass my whole career almost unknown," says Polish Tenor Dariusz Walewowski, 32, an operetta singer who pays the Polish government's Pagart agency 15% of his average \$500-a-performance fee at theaters throughout Austria. "I'm just beginning in Austria, but if I

have talent. I can see it appreciated now, not after I'm dead."

For some performers, a contract in the West can never be more than a dream. Because the Communist Party exercises indirect control over cultural life in the bloc countries, even mild expressions of political dissent can be enough to deny sports stars as well as rock singers a passport. By the same token, mediocre talents boasting party membership often jump to the front of the line for jobs in the West. Explains a young Czechoslovak tennis player in Prague: "Here sports and culture are all part of politics."

East European performers fume over the sluggish official talent agencies, which routinely do little more than collect the state's fat share of hard-currency earnings. Says Jana Jonasova, 44, a soprano at Prague's National Theater who has lost up to 70% of her fee for West European engagements to the Czechoslovak Prago-koncert agency: "I have to pay a Western agent another 20% to do the work. If I didn't organize things myself, I would never appear outside Prague."

Those who do obtain work abroad may find it hard to adapt to Western ways. Performers accustomed to VIP treatment in the Communist system, including state-supplied physiotherapy, special housing and Black Sea vacations, are sometimes shocked by the rough-and-tumble of capitalist society, where they are expected to find and finance everything from trainers to apartments on salaries that are seldom lavish by Western standards. The sink-or-swim ethic of the Western entertainment world also comes as a surprise. Says Jonasova: "In Czechoslovakia I cannot rise as high as I would in New York, but I also cannot fall so low. Under socialism, artists are guaranteed a salary by the state, and even when they are past their prime, they are secure. It is not so easy to stay in the West."

For those reasons, and because most East bloc performers have families back home, only a handful defect to the West each year. Even so, the outflow of talent from the bloc has become so relentless that music lovers in Prague and East Berlin complain that they now hear many of their hometown stars only on radio broadcasts from the West. Sports fans are livid. Polish journalists blame the talent drain for the failure of the country's once powerful national soccer team to reach the final rounds of the World Cup competition.

To limit the damage to national honor, most of the East bloc sports authorities have decreed that only athletes who are over 30 may go abroad and have banned the export of any potential participants in the 1988 Olympic Games. But official eyes remain firmly fixed on trade numbers rather than sports scores. Says Jaroslav Vacek, director of the Czechoslovak sports agency: "In this game we follow Western rules. That means making money. To play any other way would be stupid."

—By Kenneth W. Banta/Prague

I Came, I Saw, I Gained Control

Italy's De Benedetti stages a daring raid on Belgium Inc.

The foreign invader wheeled into Brussels last week in a shiny black Mercedes and swept immediately into a jammed press conference. Wearing a gray pinstriped suit and smoking a thin cigar, Carlo De Benedetti, the Italian industrialist, began confidently. "Allow me to introduce myself," he said. "I was born in Turin. I'm 53 years old. I'm not really sure where I live, but it's somewhere between Turin, Milan and airplanes." Then the high-flying entrepreneur proceeded to explain why he wanted to do what many proud Belgians viewed as the unthinkable, to gain control of Société Générale de Belgique, their

Giovanni Agnelli, and Italian newspapers bannered triumphant headlines like DE BENEDETTI, KING OF BEGIUM. But the cross-border bid stirred far noisier wails of protest across Belgium. "Financial piracy!" declared La Générale's chief, René Lamy. GÉNÉRALE UNDER THE ITALIAN BOOT, screamed a headline.

Perhaps too late, La Générale is putting up a defense. The company issued \$1.5 billion in new stock, aiming to dilute the value of De Benedetti's shares. A Brussels commercial court ruled the stock issue invalid, but the Belgian banking commission gave approval for the defense tactic, thus setting the stage for a legal and regulatory battle. Even Belgium's Finance Minister, Mark Eyskens, intervened. "We are not against Europeanization," he reportedly said. "You can do it, but you can't do it sneakily, breaking in like a thief in the night." In a hurriedly called meeting, Eyskens persuaded De Benedetti to limit his eventual share of La Générale to less than 25%, which will nonetheless give the Italian effective control over the company and with it a sizable chunk of the Belgian economy.



The industrial empire builder in Rome

"I'm not really sure where I live."

country's largest and most pervasive company. His ambition: to assemble the first giant pan-European holding company that would prove big and diversified enough to compete head-on with American and Japanese rivals.

De Benedetti, who is chairman of Italy's Olivetti and holds stakes in companies ranging from the Yves Saint Laurent fashion house to the Buitoni Perugina food giant, managed to grab a major interest in La Générale—also known as Belgium Inc.—while no one was looking. His announcement last week that he had acquired an 18.6% share (market value: more than \$300 million) largely through his Paris-based holding company, Cerus, prompted hurrahs in Italy's financial community. "It was a brilliant operation, a theatrical coup," said Fiat Chairman

La Générale is part of Belgium's bedrock. The company was founded by King William I of the Netherlands in 1822, eight years before Belgium became an independent country. As the country's first central bank, La Générale printed its own paper currency until 1850. By the early 1900s, it was financing copper mining in the Belgian Congo (now Zaïre) and the building of China's Peking-Hankow railway. With its headquarters in a stately turn-of-the-century building situated between the royal palace and the Belgian Parliament, La Générale today employs nearly 100,000 workers and holds interests in 1,261 firms, including the country's biggest banking, insurance, mining, trading and chemical concerns. Yet the company has grown unfocused and stagnant, depressing its profits and market value.

The fall of La Générale's share price in the stock-market plunge made it a perfect target. Yet De Benedetti, an engineer by training who turned a moribund Olivetti into a global power in office computers, is unlikely to take apart La Générale as a ruthless raider might do. Instead, he aims to expand the company into a Continental conglomerate in preparation for the era beyond 1992, when the trade barriers between the twelve European Community countries are scheduled to be eliminated. That step will create a wide-open marketplace of some 320 million consumers, a powerful launching pad for companies aiming to compete on a global scale. When that happens, Belgium Inc. could become the first holder of the title Europe Inc.

By Stephen Koopp.
Reported by Denise Claveloux/Brussels and
Judith Harris/Rome

Business Notes



DISCRIMINATION Kraszewski won one for women



MANAGEMENT Heirs Edsel II, left, and William Jr.



PROMOTION Beard, center, in specs

ACQUISITIONS

A Picture Perfect Rescue

For nearly a century the name Eastman Kodak has been almost synonymous with photography. But in recent years the Rochester company has branched out into fields as far-ranging as computer disks and batteries. Last week Kodak made its most sweeping diversification move yet. The firm agreed to pay \$5.1 billion to acquire Sterling Drug, the maker of such popular products as Bayer aspirin and Lysol cleaners. New York City-based Sterling welcomed the agreement as a way of escaping a takeover bid by F. Hoffmann-La Roche, the Swiss drug company.

The deal underscores Kodak's swift financial turnaround. In 1985 and 1986 the company suffered six straight quarters of declining profits, but in the first nine months of 1987 earnings more than tripled from the same period the previous year, to \$936 million.

DISCRIMINATION

Like a Bad Neighbor

"I never wanted them to be able to do this to women ever again." That, said Muriel Kraszewski, 52, of Long Beach, Calif., was why she

joined two other women in 1979 to sue State Farm Insurance for sex discrimination. The women had applied to be sales agents, but were turned down for no valid reason.

Last week their long legal battle ended in triumph. State Farm agreed to pay \$420,822 each to Kraszewski and two other plaintiffs: Wilda Tipton, 45, of Ventura, Calif., and the estate of Daisy Jackson, who died in 1983. The settlement calls for possible payments of \$15,575 to \$420,822 to other women who applied for 1,113 sales-agent jobs in California during the past 13½ years. State Farm believes the settlement will cost no more than \$50 million, but the plaintiffs' attorney estimates that the bill will be as high as \$300 million. That would make it the largest payout in the history of sex-discrimination suits.

MANAGEMENT

Fords for The Future

Giant corporations today are seldom headed by someone whose name is on the building, since hardly anybody has a moniker like Exxon, Primex or Unisys. But at Ford, Detroit's fastest moving automaker, the fourth generation of a family dynasty is moving up. Last week the company elevated two young executives to its board of directors: Edsel B. Ford II, 39, and William Clay

Ford Jr., 30, both great-grandsons of the founder. Edsel II is general sales manager of the Lincoln-Mercury division, and William Jr. heads Ford's operations in Switzerland.

The two cousins, who deny any rivalry, will have to struggle if they want the top job. The last Ford to hold it, Henry II, who stepped down in 1980, said that the company would have "no crown princes." Since Henry's death last September, his younger brother William Sr., 62, has been the only family voice on the board.

PROFIT SHARING

Bonanza In Bayport

Folks in Bayport, Minn. (pop. 2,900), can hardly wait for the Christmas holidays to end, for the big event of the year comes in icy January: Profit Sharing Day at Andersen Corp. For 74 years Andersen, a leading U.S. manufacturer of windows and patio doors, has split a chunk of its earnings among workers. After a banner 1987, this year's pot promised to be huge. But the 3,700 employees, many of whom rented limousines and dressed in their finest Saturday-night steppin'-out clothes to attend the Jan. 16 ceremony, had no idea just how huge. Amid gasps of surprise, Andersen Chairman Arvid Wellman disclosed that the profit-sharing pool was a record \$105.9 million, up more than 45%

from last year. On Feb. 1 all workers will receive checks amounting to 84% of their annual salary. The average check: \$28,620, based on a salary of \$34,071.

PROMOTION

An Extra Dimension

When the season finale of ABC's *Moonlighting* airs in May, viewers will miss television history unless they reach for their glasses. Not just any specs, but one of the 40 million pairs of 3-D glasses that the Coca-Cola company will distribute in an effort to give its pitch an extra dimension. Properly equipped viewers will see ten minutes or so of *Moonlighting* in 3-D, the first such network broadcast, followed by TV's first 3-D commercial, a 60-second ad for Coca-Cola Classic. The cardboard glasses will be shipped to 40,000 retail stores and fast-food outlets, where they will be given away or sold for no more than 25¢.

While 3-D has been around since the 1950s, the *Moonlighting* broadcast will employ an advanced technique developed by Terry Beard, a California-based optical engineer. In the past, 3-D pictures appeared blurry to viewers who did not use special glasses. With Beard's technology those people will see a clear two-dimensional image. Of course, they will be missing one-third of the fun.

Space



The picture of health: Romanenko during his record-breaking stint aboard the space station Mir

Back to Earth Unscathed

After 326 days in orbit, a Soviet cosmonaut says he feels no pain

"I feel fine," said a smiling Yuri Romanenko in Moscow last week. It was the Soviet cosmonaut's first public appearance since his record-breaking 326-day sojourn in space, and what he had to report was dramatic: he had suffered virtually no ill effects from his prolonged flight. In the past, Soviet cosmonauts have returned from long missions with bones, muscles and cardiovascular systems weakened by extended periods in zero gravity. But Romanenko claimed he could stand up, albeit shakily, shortly after his Soyuz capsule touched down in Soviet Kazakhstan on Dec. 29. Said he: "My muscles were strong enough to support me. As far as heart palpitations, sweating, that sort of thing—I didn't feel anything of that sort. In fact, one day after returning to earth, I went for my first jog, for about 100 meters."

His remarkable recovery was a triumph for the Soviet space program. One concern that has clouded plans for a manned mission to Mars is the fear that cosmonauts' health would deteriorate badly in the extended weightlessness of the 30-month round-trip voyage. "Now," says Cosmonaut Training Commander Vladimir Shatalov, "we are sure that it is possible to complete such a mission."

Some U.S. experts believe such confidence is premature, yet they are following the Soviets' progress with interest. Only five years ago, two cosmonauts returned from 211 days in space suffering from dizziness, high pulse rates and heart palpitations. They were unable to walk for a week, and a month later they were still undergoing therapy to strengthen atrophied mus-

cles and weakened hearts. Without gravity to work against, muscles—including the heart muscle—begin to waste away, and calcium, for reasons that are poorly understood, leaches out of the bones.

The obvious solution was a regular exercise regimen. After a few false starts, the Soviets seem to have found an effective in-flight training program. Cosmonauts now spend their waking hours in a "penguin suit," a running suit laced with elastic cords that creates resistance—and needed exertion—with nearly every move they make. They also go through extensive workouts that include two-mile runs on a treadmill. Throughout their missions

cosmonauts stay on a diet designed to keep physical deterioration to a minimum. Romanenko's doctors say he lost at most 5% of his bone calcium, while other cosmonauts, although weightless for shorter periods, have suffered far higher losses. The cosmonaut added that he did not feel there would be "any limitations" to enduring longer missions in space.

Michael Bungo, director of the Space Biomedical Research Institute at Houston's Johnson Space Center, is not so sure. "This is just one test case," he says. "The margin of error is considerable." The validity of the 5% figure, Bungo believes, also depends on whether bone-marrow testing was done at the preferred point—the spine—or at the heel bone, which he says the Soviets have done in the past. Besides, while total calcium loss may have been low, he is concerned that there still may be structural changes in Romanenko's bones that could make them more prone to fracture.

James Oberg, a veteran U.S. Soviet space watcher, is impressed by Moscow's achievement but points to other serious physical dangers inherent in extended flights deeper into space. Perhaps the most significant: cosmic rays and high-energy radiation from the solar wind. Earth-orbiting space travelers like Romanenko are protected from this potentially deadly radiation by the earth's magnetic field. But, says Oberg, "there is no real experience anywhere on the effects of long-term, deep-space radiation exposure." Even so, with Romanenko's performance the Soviets bolstered their commanding lead over the U.S. in long-duration space flights. Soviet space officials have decreed that the current crew of the space station Mir, Vladimir Titov and Musa Manarov, will stay in orbit for a full year. —By Michael D. Lemonick.

Reported by James O. Jackson/Moscow, with other bureaus

A Switch In Time

Although American astronauts will have a hard time catching up with their Soviet counterparts, U.S. civilian imaging satellites may soon compete with rival Soviet spacecraft. Last week the White House announced the lifting of a ban on commercial imaging satellites capable of taking high-resolution photographs of the earth's surface. Reason: competition from higher-resolution Soviet and French space-based cameras.

Low-power U.S. satellite images have been used for years by meteorologists, geologists and agronomists to view vast, sometimes inaccessible, areas from space. The U.S. ban grew out

of Defense Department fears that civilians might uncover sensitive military secrets. But it backfired when Landsat, the sole U.S. commercial imaging satellite system, which once had a virtual monopoly on space-based pictures, felt the heat from foreign competition.

These days, high-resolution photos are coveted by everyone from govern-

ment agencies to news organizations, which realized their potential when France's SPOT satellite snapped close-ups of the damaged Soviet nuclear reactor in Chernobyl. Best advice: pull the shades.



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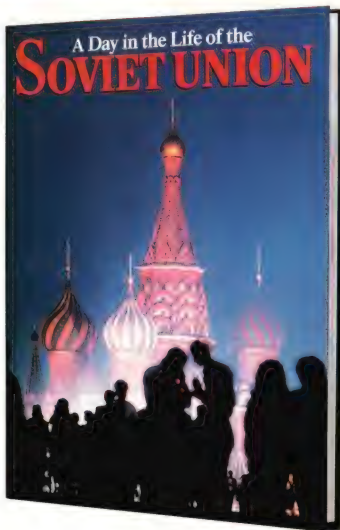


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Ethics

A Balancing Act of Life and Death

New uses of fetuses and brain-absent babies trouble doctors

After years of research, doctors feel they are ready to try to alleviate many incurable conditions, ranging from congenital heart defects to degenerative nerve diseases, through the transplanting of organs and tissues. Their pioneering triumphs, however, have created a Faustian dilemma. Each year in the U.S. hundreds of infants die who could have been saved by a new heart: literally millions of people with diseases like Parkinson's and Alzheimer's may eventually benefit from tissue implants. Should physicians manipulate the definitions of life and death to meet this growing demand for donor tissue? The question is taking on a new immediacy as doctors begin transplanting tissue from once unimagined sources: aborted fetuses and anencephalic newborns.

Surgeons at Loma Linda University Medical Center in California only last October transplanted a heart into Newborn Paul Holt. What made the transplant different was that the donor, a Canadian infant known as Baby Gabriel, was born anencephalic, that is, without most of her brain. Like virtually all anencephalics, she could not have survived more than a few days outside the womb; unlike most, Gabriel died before her healthy organs deteriorated. Then, early in January, surgeons in Mexico City announced that for the first time, they had successfully grafted tissue from a miscarried fetus into the brains of two Parkinson's victims, who have since improved dramatically.

To many, the fetal-tissue transplant raised a troubling question: Should doctors be allowed to use tissue from intentionally aborted fetuses to alleviate an otherwise hopeless condition? The Baby Gabriel case focused on even knottier dilemmas: Should laws defining death be rewritten to allow the "harvesting" of anencephalic donors? Should their existence be prolonged solely to enable doctors to take their organs?

Such issues are not academic. In the past few months, TIME has learned, Baby Gabriel's Canadian physicians kept three other anencephalic children on respirators in order to use their organs for transplantation. "I can't imagine a time when there have been so many advances in medical research that have raised such serious issues," says Neonatologist Law-

rence Platt of the University of Southern California. Declares Arthur Caplan, director of the Center for Biomedical Ethics at the University of Minnesota: "Our fear is that somehow reproduction has shifted away from an act that creates a family into an arena in which money, profit and benefit for others start to enter."

Parents of anencephalics have been in the forefront of the campaign to make use of their infants' organs, as a way of making their brief, tragic lives meaningful. Such babies are often born with no skin or



skull above their eyes. They have only an exposed bud of a brain and a brain stem that keeps their heart and lungs working erratically. Under current state laws, death occurs when all brain activity has ceased. Anencephalic infants are technically alive until their brain stem stops functioning. By then, however, the increasingly insufficient oxygen supply has ruined any potentially useful organs.

For some doctors, the respirator is an ideal solution: it assures a proper oxygen supply while putting off the infant's inevitable death. "There is no ethical problem with using the organs after the child is dead," says George Annas, professor of health law at Boston University School of Medicine. "The problem lies in the process of getting the child from alive to dead." There are certainly precedents for keeping donors alive artificially for the benefit of others. Accident victims, for example, are frequently kept on

respirators to keep their organs fresh.

But the problem with anencephalics is starkly different: doctors frequently do not know when death has legally occurred. Conventional measures of brain death are useless. Ethicist Caplan suggests that doctors rely on an older standard: that death occurs when the infant's pulse and breathing have stopped. Thus anencephalics would be taken off the respirator at set intervals to see whether spontaneous breathing had ceased. When it stopped, the infants would be pronounced dead and their organs taken. The few medical centers like Loma Linda that handle anencephalic transplants currently follow similar protocols.

The principal difference between using anencephalics and aborted fetuses as sources for organs, Caplan says, is a matter of parental motive. Few doctors have problems with using the tissues of miscarried fetuses. But in the weeks since the Mexican tissue transplant, a handful of women have considered the possibility of getting pregnant for the purpose of providing tissue to treat themselves or a family member. Ray Leith, a young woman whose aging father has Parkinson's disease, declared her willingness to do so on national television early this year; her father refused the offer. Others have raised even broader fears that, as Feminist Author Gena Corea puts it, "women will be pressured by doctors and families, or by economic need, to become fetal factories."

To prevent such abuses, doctors and ethicists suggest banning the sale of fetal tissue worldwide and prohibiting women from designating who would receive their fetus' organs. Once such safeguards are in place, however, they believe that physicians can properly use tissue from abortions for research and treatment. Except in the case of miscarriages, Dr. John Wilkie, president of the National Right to Life Committee, vehemently disagrees. "The abuse is not in the sale of those tissues," he says, "but in killing the baby in the first place." Janice Raymond, professor of women's studies at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, is concerned that such attitudes, as well as practices like surrogate motherhood, have already begun to erode women's control over the childbearing process. "No one is holding a gun to any woman," she says. "But I think it's important to look at the entire context in which this issue of fetal tissue is arising." That may be easier said than done.

—By Christine Gorman.
Reported by James Willwerth/Loma Linda and Suzanne Wymeier/Boston

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To see what the new Nova Twin-Cam is all about you *could* read this ad. If you did, you'd learn that Nova's new twin-cam engine is a 1.6-liter, fuel-injected wonder that uses 16 valves (instead of the

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COVER STORY

Getting Tough

New Jersey Principal Joe Clark kicks up a storm about discipline in city schools

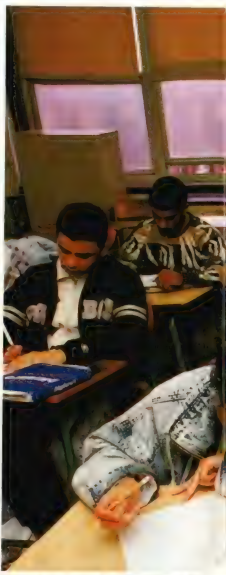
If tough love is your thing, you can find a lot to love about Joe Clark. Bullhorn cradled in one arm, a stack of books and papers resting in the other, the 48-year-old principal of Eastside High in down-at-the-heels Paterson, N.J. (pop. 140,000), charms and bullies his way through the bustling corridors of his ordered domain like an old-time ward boss, relishing every step. He pinches girls on their cheeks, slaps high fives with both boys and girls, greeting most by name.

"That a new hairdo, Tanya?" he asks one girl. "I like it. You're looking like a stone fox." "Give me some," he says, dipping his hand into an open bag of corn chips that an admiring boy is holding. "I need the quick energy." Walking through the senior lounge, the principal greets Denise Baker, who has just won a \$20,000 scholarship, with some approving Clark doggerel: "If you can conceive it, you can believe it, and you can achieve it." Denise loves it. In fact virtually all the kids seem to revel in the style of the man they privately call "Crazy Joe." More than a few look to him for help: a Hispanic girl approaches to whisper that she needs a winter coat. "I'll get you one," vows the principal, scribbling her name on a pad.

"In this building," Clark proclaims, "everything emanates and ultimately from me. Nothing

happens without me." He spots a sign hanging askew over the girls' rest room: "I want that fixed expeditiously," he snaps at a bemused janitor. Attempting to enter a classroom, Clark finds a locked door, rattles the knob, and when the teacher opens, he bluntly orders her to undo the lock. Her response is too slow for Clark: "I said, unlock that door!" he snaps, right in front of her pupils. Clearly, this is a man who believes that if something is wrong, get tough about it—now. And when the troops do not march smartly to the resident drummer, retribution follows. Smartly.

Clark has proved that time and again since arriving at Eastside in 1982, after 20 years as a teacher and elementary school principal in Paterson. The school, with a student body of 3,200—nearly all black and Hispanic and about a third from families on welfare—was then crawling with pushers, muggers and just about every other species of juvenile thug. Pot smoke blew out of broken windows. Graffiti marred the walls. Doors were damaged. Teachers were afraid to come to work. Clark, a former Army Reserve sergeant, took quick action. He chained doors against pushers and threatened any strays that might leak through with a baseball bat, a 36-in. Willie Mays Big Stick that still rests in a corner of his office. Bellowing through the bullhorn and



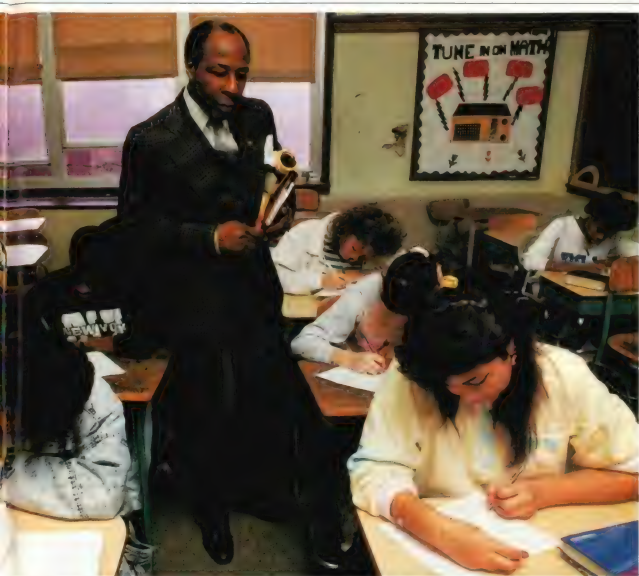
Bearing books instead of his trademark bat and

the school's p.a. system, he banned loitering, mandated keep-to-the-right and keep-moving rules for the corridors, and set up a dress code forbidding hats and any gangish or come-on clothing. Students who got to school late or cut class could expect latrine or graffiti-scrubbing duty. Says Clark: "Discipline is the ultimate tenet of education. Discipline establishes the format, the environment for academic achievement to occur."

Clark's brand of discipline is often harsh. On a single day in his first year, he threw out 300 students for being tardy or absent and, he said, for disrupting the school. "Leeches and parasites," he calls such pupils. Over the next five years he tossed out hundreds more. Faculty members hostile to his vision were dismissed or strongly encouraged to leave. During his six-year tenure some 100 have departed, including a basketball coach who was



Schoolyard in New York City



bulldozer, Joe Clark monitors an Eastside algebra class: "In this building, everything emanates and ultimates from me. Nothing happens without me"

hustled out by security guards for failing to stand at attention during the singing of the school alma mater. "I expurgated them through a vast variety of methods," says Clark, savoring his idiosyncratic polysyllables.

Some people thought that Clark's expurgations had gone too far. In a typically unilateral action, the pugnacious principal last month tossed out 66 "parasitic" students without due process or approval of the school board, insisting that they were "hoodlums, thugs and pathological deviants." The board blew the whistle, charging him with insubordination and threatening him with dismissal.

Almost overnight that local spat found its way onto front pages all across the U.S. The Eastside story—Clark's battle to restore order in his school—became a kind of allegory for all the tribulations, dangers and scattered triumphs of cities

large and small, where public education is undergoing its most severe challenge. In a country fed up with kids out of control, Clark seems to represent one effort to return to the law-and-order of a more innocent time. In recent weeks the Paterson principal has found himself not only the subject of network news reports but also a sought-after guest on TV talk shows. CBS's *60 Minutes* has shot a segment on the maverick educator, and Warner Bros. has snapped up the rights to his life story ("six figures," plus a percentage of the net, for Joe), with Sidney Poitier as a possible star. "Isn't it something," Clark beams, "that this little black Newark welfare boy is the most popular man in America right now?"

The bat-wielding principal has even caught the eye and ear of the White House. President Reagan has commended Clark as an exemplar of the tough

leadership needed in urban schools. In the wake of the board battle, U.S. Secretary of Education William Bennett telephoned to urge Clark to "hang in there." In an even grander gesture of support, Gary Bauer, a former Bennett aide now serving as White House Policy Development Director, offered Eastside's chief a White House post as policy adviser. (Clark turned him down.) Tough leaders like Clark have an important place in the nation's schools, Bennett told the press a few weeks ago. "Sometimes you need Mr. Chips, sometimes you need Dirty Harry."

The attention surrounding Clark has pushed a long-simmering academic debate about urban education into prime time, where it rightly belongs. Two decades of wrenching societal changes in family structure, in drug and alcohol use among teens, in the level of violence in inner cities, plus widespread parental indif-

ference have undermined urban schools. "We have allowed the school situation to disintegrate to the extent that it calls for drastic measures, and therefore, Joe Clark," says Los Angeles Principal George McKenna, who, like Clark, has been singled out for praise by Secretary Bennett. "The ultimate challenge will be whether schools whose students face these pathologies can in fact become more stable and academically successful," says Ernest Boyer, former U.S. Commissioner of Education and President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

The dire condition of the nation's urban school systems is by now a familiar story, but some hard facts and illuminating incidents bear telling:

► In Detroit, high school dropout rates are 41%, with 80% in the worst inner-city districts.

► In St. Louis, 1 of 4 girls in public schools becomes pregnant before reaching her senior year.

► In Boston schools last year, 55 students were expelled for carrying guns and 2,500 must report to police probation officers for past offenses.

► In Chicago, an open house for the parents of 1,000 pupils at Sherman School drew five mothers and fathers.

► In Texas, the 100 top-ranked school districts spend an average of \$5,500 a year per child, while the bottom 100 spend only \$1,800. The results are evident in San Antonio's Edgewood district, one of the state's poorest, where 50% of students fall below the national norms in reading and writing.

► In Philadelphia, an administrator describes conditions at an inner-city school: "People coming to class high, not just pupils but teachers as well; filthy bathrooms; gang intimidation; nowhere to hang coats without them being stolen."

► In New York two weeks ago, Principal Edward Morris asked for a transfer from Park West High, where he had clearly lost



Students pass silently in the graffitied gloom of a stairwell at a high school in Los Angeles' notorious

control of violence-prone students, and where students in the cafeteria stomped a girl so brutally they broke her ribs.

In many schools these realities blend into a panoply of horrors for teachers and administrators. Odette Dunn Harris, principal of William Penn High School in Philadelphia, talks of confiscating crack bags from student pushers in a neighborhood torn by gang wars and racial strife. When she first arrived at the school, "they had riots in the lunchroom. The fire gong used to go off every five minutes, and that was the cue for the kids to break out." Some youngsters still carry knives and guns as casually as pocket combs. One parent assaulted her, and she notes, "I've had kids say to me, 'I'm going to punch you,' or they call me 'that bald-headed bitch' because of my short hair."

At Principal McKenna's Washington Preparatory High in Los Angeles just two weeks ago, three female students, about to cross the street to enter the schoolyard, were wounded in the sudden cross fire of a gang ambush. Says McKenna: "I personally buried six young men last year who had gone to this school, and I do the same thing year after year."

In the face of such grim conditions, Joe Clark has found himself the touch-

stone of a rekindled national debate about how to put things right in a city schoolhouse gone wrong. In the words of P. Michael Timpane, president of Teachers College at Columbia University: "Joe Clark brings out a lot of broad issues that may not have clear answers." While raising issues, however, Clark has also raised a forest of hackles for like a lot of people who do things their own way and damn the torpedoes. Clark has stirred up as many critics as admirers. And in the wake of his confrontation with his school board, he has found himself under a drumfire of criticism by other inner-city principals who take issue with his hardheaded style.

"If I had to go around with a baseball bat in one hand and a megaphone in the other, I'd sell insurance," blasts Boston Principal Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. (no relation to the former Speaker of the House), who has turned the once troubled Lewenberg middle school into a nationally recognized center of excellence. "Clark's use of force may rid the school of unwanted students," he notes, "but he also may be losing kids who might succeed." Others claim Clark's autocratic approach to discipline suggests that there is a quick solution to complex problems. "He seeds the myth that all we have to do is stop kids

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Leading school discipline problems: a California study compares today with a more innocent age

1940s	1980s
Talking	Drug abuse
Chewing gum	Alcohol abuse
Making noise	Pregnancy
Running in the hallways	Suicide
Getting out of place in line	Rape
Wearing improper clothing	Robbery
Not putting paper in wastebaskets	Assault
	Burglary
	Arson
	Bombings

Study was conducted by the Fullerton, Calif., police department and the California department of education. The results were published in *Junior League Review*.

TIME Charts by Cynthia Davis



Watts ghetto: "schools reflect society," say educators

from knifing each other," snaps Deborah Meier, who won a \$335,000 MacArthur Genius grant for her inspired supervision of Harlem's Central Park East schools.

In Los Angeles, McKenna is no less critical. "We want to fix the schools, but you don't do that by seeing the kids as the enemy," he rumbles. "Our role is to rescue and to be responsible." McKenna insists, adding bitterly, "If the students were not poor black children, Joe Clark would not be tolerated."

Many civil libertarians join in the criticism. Says Edward Martone, executive director of the New Jersey branch of the American Civil Liberties Union: "If every inner-city principal took the Joe Clark tack, they'd just throw one-third of their student body into the street. At best those kids are going to get minimum-wage jobs. At worst they're going to end up committing crimes and being incarcerated."

On the other hand, many people, both educators and laymen, have rushed to defend Clark. They emphasize that his tough methods are justified by the tough problems he faces. "You cannot use a democratic and collaborative style when crisis is rampant and disorder reigns," insists Kenneth Tewel, a former New York high school principal who now teaches

school administration at Queens College. "You need an autocrat to bring things under control." Raymond Gerlik, principal of DeWitt C. Greig Vocational High in Chicago, thinks Clark did what he had to do. "I sympathize with the guy," he says. "I don't have a bullhorn, but maybe he needed one." William Penn Principal Harris, who managed to purge the gangs from her school, praises Clark's character. "Here is a principal with principles. He is trying to develop strong, independent, law-abiding citizens and is trying to provide the students with a safe, secure place to learn, and for this he is going to be nailed to the wall."

Clark's way of sparing no rod nor spoiling any child has touched many other hearts. Supportive letters have poured into his office. A professor's wife from Erie, Pa., tells Clark his philosophy and style are just right: a mother of two from Queens, N.Y., approves of his tough line; and a senior citizen from Olympia, Wash., writes simply, "I wish we had a few more like you." Many of the letters contain money—in amounts from \$2 to \$100—for Clark's defense fund. This past week brought some big bucks. Jack Berdy, chairman and CEO of On-Line Software, a computer company in Fort Lee, N.J., pledged \$1 million in scholarships to Eastside over the next ten years, on the condition that the board resolve its conflict with the principal. "I think dismissal is inappropriate for a man who has brought so much to that school," says Berdy.

Clearly, discussions of Clark's approach to taming the blackboard jungle run high with emotion. Cooler-headed critics—and fans—suggest that the best method of evaluating what he or any other educator has done is to look at the achievements of his students. In Clark's case the record is mixed. No question that he cleaned up the graffiti, kicked out the pushers, restored order. But academic triumphs have been more elusive. While

math scores are up 6% during Clark's reign, reading scores have barely budged; they remain in the bottom third of the nation's high school seniors. While a few more students are going to college—211, up from 182 in 1982—Clark has lost considerable ground in the battle against dropouts: when he arrived, Eastside's rate was 13%; now it is 21%.

Moreover, as his critics point out, any principal can raise test scores and cut disciplinary problems by tossing out the troublesome low achievers. But this hardly represents a solution to a community's problems. Rather, it just moves those problems from the classroom onto the street, where the dropouts drift into trouble or plain despair. "In many cases the school was the most stabilizing factor in their lives," says Alena Boover, head of an outreach program for dropouts in Portland, Ore. "Then that's gone, and nothing's there."

Paterson, like too many other school districts, has no alternative programs for the losers, most of whom simply vanish into a festering underclass of unemployables. Nationally the dropout rate for the past three years has hovered around 1 million—the equivalent of dumping the entire pupil population of New York City, biggest in the U.S., onto the nation's trash heap every year. Very few ever drop back in. Most of the others are lost forever, not only to the school system but to society at large. The battle to prevent those losses has never been more difficult. Old-style pedagogy simply does not work when the climate both inside and outside the schoolhouse is one of paralyzing despair. Inner-city educators speak of a "ghetto mentality," in which very little is expected of students—by parents, teachers and others. Students quickly learn to match those expectations. "Schools knew how to succeed with kids who wanted to succeed," observes President Timpane of Teachers College. "It's only in the past

SCHOOL PROFILES

City (Number of students in thousands)	Minorities % of students that are black and Hispanic	Dropouts % who enter ninth grade but left before 4 years*	Assaults Number of cases reported last year	Counselors Ratio to high school students
Boston (56)	63%	46%	410	1/313
Chicago (431)	83%	45%	698	1/398
Houston (392)	81%	41%	128**	1/500
Los Angeles (592)	75%	45%	493	1/298
Miami (255)	75%	NA	909 ('86)	1/420
New York (939)	72%	34%	1,606	1/623
St. Louis (47)	76%	30%	NA	1/390

*Cities compute rate in different ways; figures include students who moved. NA—Not available. **Arrests

Education

generation that we've had the challenge of trying to succeed with individuals who didn't want to succeed or didn't even want to be in the classroom."

Despite such daunting hurdles, in a few of the roughest districts a handful of schools have managed to become islands of excellence. They did so primarily by establishing high expectations and by getting across the conviction that their kids can and will meet those expectations. No less vital to their success, in almost every case, has been a bold, enduring principal—if not a Joe Clark, then a different kind of strong personality with his or her own talents as manager and leader. The best of these leaders are able to maintain or restore order without abandoning the students who are in trouble. They approach their staffs, students, parents and communities with a cooperative rather than a confrontational style. "Every good school has a good principal," insists William Kristol, chief of staff for Secretary Bennett. "He can set the general tone, the spirit, the ethos if you will, of the school. He can give it a sense of order, enthusiasm for learning and high expectations."

Establishing clear rules is priority No. 1 for many of these principals. Albert Holland, who turned Jeremiah E. Burke



Keeping a lid on disorder: a Chicago policeman patrols a lunchroom

High in Boston from one of the city's most dangerous schools into what District Superintendent Charles Gibbons calls an "absolute jewel," began with this set of rules: "In class on time; no hats; no Walkman in school; a student roaming the corridors without a pass is written up immediately and given a warning." His neighbor, Principal O'Neill at Lewenberg, set up equally simple standards. "The first order was to maintain control of the hallways, so we put in quiet, single-filing lines. Students go to their lockers at

the beginning of the day. An assignment left in a locker is a missed assignment. Bathroom passes are issued only during the first ten minutes of class."

In Chicago, Marva Collins has brought order and learning—and national acclaim—to Westside Preparatory School with her own brand of rules. Chewing gum is out: "If they insist on chewing gum, we have them do a paper on the etymology of the word gum." Any cocky youngster who walks into Westside with a defiant swagger, or wearing gang jewelry, gets special treatment: "I put my arm on their shoulder and say, 'Darling, is your hip broken?' Or, 'You're going to have to take out that earring.'"

The second priority is curriculum, with the teachers to make it work. Maria Tostado, principal of Los Angeles Garfield High, which twelve years ago had sunk to the brink of losing its accreditation, helps maintain the place as a scholarly factory by mixing rules with demanding classes: "We phased out the bonehead courses and put in more advanced, challenging courses." Garfield now boasts 15 advanced-placement teachers in subjects such as calculus and physics. This year 370 students are taking the advanced-placement exams for college credit.

Classroom Disarmament

For some public school systems, arms control is an everyday concern. In Boston, for instance, hundreds of knives and other weapons are confiscated from city pupils each year. At one time those caught red-handed were automatically expelled. But for the past year hundreds have been sent instead to a yellow brick school building in the working-class Rosindale section. At the Barron Assessment and Counseling Center, as the place is called, they go through a five-to-ten-day program designed to get them to put down their knives and pick up their books.

"We've done things with these kids that no one else could do," boasts Director Franklin Tucker, a former high school assistant principal. His center opened last February after Boston schools suffered a spate of highly publicized violent crimes and a chilling upsurge in weapons—more than 90 confiscated in one month. Roughly 300 students, ranging in age from eight to 21, have participated so far.

At any one time about 15 to 20 students, almost a third of them girls, are in the pro-

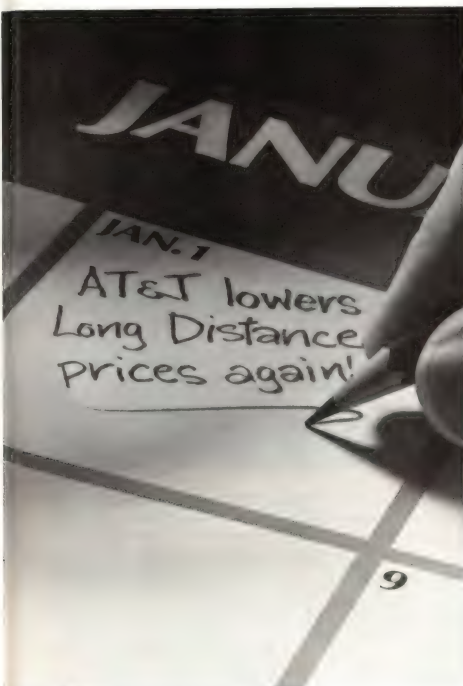
gram. Upon a student's arrival, counselors gather a personal history, which often reveals that a pattern of academic decline began with some crisis: the death of a parent, an episode of sexual abuse. During their daily 5½ hours, students do regular schoolwork and take part in a much praised program developed by Dr. Deborah Prothrow-Stith, the state's public health commissioner, that tries to teach them how to discharge anger without resorting to violence. The school also uses scare-tactic "field trips." At Boston's Charles Street jail, for instance, students talk to inmates about prison life and learn that offenders as young as 14 can be tried as adults in Massachusetts. Explains Tucker: "It's a way of letting these kids know that the customary smack on the hand is going to stop."

The program, costing \$360,000 annually, appears to be having some success, at least in the disarmament area. In almost a year only six program graduates have been caught again with weapons. (A second offense means expulsion.) Tucker is now devising a plan for a full-time alternative school for students who don't seem able to make it in regular schools. "The alternative school will be the education of the future," he says. "We have to take our schools back. We have to."



The message to Barron students: put down knives, pick up books

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Among the faculty who motivate the high achievers is Jaime Escalante, a math instructor whom Tostado praises as a "teaching genius." He is all of that—a showman, math scholar, father figure and cheerleader. Each Escalante class starts with warm-up music (*We Will Rock You*) and hand clapping as pupils ceremonially drop yesterday's homework into a basket. Advanced-placement students proudly wear T-shirts and satin jackets proclaiming their membership in the elite, college-bound corps. During lectures, Escalante bounces around the room, challenging, explaining, applauding.

Tostado remains in awe of her fiery star, to whom she credits much of the school's renaissance: "He calls parents every time someone doesn't show up in class," she says. "He visits parents when they get home from work to get them to sign his contracts pledging hours of extra homework. He spends summers poring over the school records to find recruits for his classes like he was a coach." As a re-

sult of such dedication, 70% of last year's graduating class was accepted by colleges—a stunning score for a former gangland satrapy.

At Suitland High in downtrodden Suitland, Md., Principal Joseph Hairston also prizes his teachers, recruited from schools all over the country. He treats them with respect as part of what he calls the "corporate style" and says he wants to "professionalize the workplace." Lately he has been lobbying for across-the-board raises. Hairston believes in discipline (which he prefers to call "reality therapy") and has greatly diversified the curriculum—"from dance to drafting," even to Russian. Under such policies reading scores have soared into the 87th percentile nationally from a dismal 28th. Math scores are up from 60% to 85%. This miracle has been pulled off in a mere year and a half, which, Hairston claims, is plenty of time "if you have an organizational structure, economy and support; if you know what you want to do and how to

do it." Last week President Reagan saluted the school's success by paying a visit.

Talented administrators and teachers elsewhere often create special incentives to motivate students. At Eastern High in Washington, Ralph Neal, who was named one of the top ten U.S. principals by the National School Safety Center, rewards good grades and attendance records by publishing the information in the *Washington Post* and taking an outstanding youngster to lunch each month at a good Capitol Hill restaurant—where he also fetes his teacher of the month.

At Lewenberg in Boston, Principal O'Neill has designed, as a colorful celebration of reading achievements, a twin-tailed Chinese dragon stretching across the entrance to the school's two wings. Students begin each day of the year by reading aloud. And every afternoon, everyone in the school—including secretaries, administrators, security aides and teachers—ends the day by reading silently. Anyone who finishes a novel gets to

An Alternative to Chaos

See everything.
Overlook a great deal.
Improve a little.

So runs a saying of Pope John XXIII's, affixed to a wall at Cardinal Hayes Catholic High School in New York's tough South Bronx. The school tries to live up to the prescription. No hats can be worn inside Cardinal Hayes school, nor is there any room for blue jeans or sneakers, beards or mustaches, profanity, alcohol or "bad attitudes." Bad attitudes involve anything that contradicts the school's motto: "For God and country."

For many years Cardinal Hayes was, like most of the nation's Catholic schools, a training ground for the offspring of European immigrants. The student body of 3,000 was 98% white, all Reillys and Bonnans and Pechinskis. Today 64% of the 1,150 students are Hispanic, 35% black. The transformation is partly a reflection of the changing community; white flight has long since darkened the face of the South Bronx. But it also represents a choice made by growing numbers of minority parents searching for an alternative to the chaos of inner-city public schools.

The trend is visible around the country. In 1970 only 10.8% of students enrolled in U.S. Catholic parochial schools were minorities; today they constitute 21.8%. The majority of the black students (64%) are not Catholic, but that does not seem to deter their parents. "I tell non-Catholic parents of incoming students that religion is an integral part of the school's curriculum," says Monsignor Thomas McCormack, principal of Cardinal Hayes. "They are pleased. That is one of the reasons they come to us."

At a time when many parents despair of their children's learning much of anything in public schools, or even being safe there, the strict moral and religious values, discipline and or-

der that typify Catholic schools seem to have wide appeal. So do the enhanced prospects for students. Nationwide, 83% of the graduates of Catholic high schools go on to two- or four-year colleges, compared with 52% for public school grads. "There's no question that at almost every level, students in parochial schools perform better than those in public schools," says Emily Feistritz of the National Center for Educational Information. Among the indications of superiority:

► A national survey of reading ability found that on a scale of 0 to 500, parochial school fourth-graders scored eight points better than their public school counterparts. In eighth grade

they did eleven points better, and in eleventh grade, ten.

► A survey of dropout rates in grades 10 to 12 found the number hitting 14.3% in public schools, only 3.4% in parochial schools.

► Class size in parochial high schools has dropped from 19 to 15 pupils per teacher; in public schools it remains at 17.9.

There are, of course, disadvantages too. A growing number of teachers in Catholic parochial schools are lay men and women who are less experienced, younger and lower paid than their public school

counterparts. And there is the cost. The mean annual tuition for a U.S. Catholic high school comes to \$1,680—a considerable stretch for many inner-city parents. "They simply do without in order to send the kids here," says Sister Patricia Clune of Atlanta's St. Anthony's School. "We offer a disciplined environment and quality education in the religious setting the parents want."

The discipline is no longer a matter of rulers on knuckles, but rather the prospect of getting ahead in the world. "I told my mother I wanted to come here because I wanted to learn and be somebody," says Albert Calderon, 15, a sophomore at Cardinal Hayes. His mother, Mirtha Astacio, is a cleaning woman, and her brother helps her pay the tuition. Albert's aspiration: "I want to be what you call a boss."

Pope John XXIII would understand.

—By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Wayne Szyboda/New York



Dress codes and discipline: McCormack and his students

Education

add a piece of paper to the dragon's tail, with the title of the book and the reader's name. With five months left in the school year, the dragon already stretches about three-quarters of the way down the corridors.

Parent participation is another priority for these bellwether principals. Rubye McClenndon, who heads the dazzling, \$20 million, virtually all-black magnet school, Benjamin E. Mays High in middle-class southwest Atlanta, put on a special celebration two weeks ago for Martin Luther King Jr. Day, attended by, among others, Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, whose son goes to the school. Around McClenndon, however, Young is just another father who is aware that the principal expects his participation at the school. "Parents are the key to discipline," says McClenndon, "and they must know what's going on. We send the syllabus home, and the parents must initial it."

A final point of strategy among principals is to fight the curse of student anonymity in big urban schools: Washington Prep's McKenna is one who believes in person-to-person contact, not only from faculty to student but among the pupils. "The academically advanced should, and at my school do, provide tutoring for the less able," he says. "Hey, brother, I love you." That's a stronger philosophy, and there is nothing wimpy about it. He also believes in pressing the flesh in the schoolyard, and some of that flesh is mighty big. In the hallway between fifth and sixth periods, a young giant with a dazzling, ear-to-ear smile engulfs McKenna in a hug and announces he has just been declared academically eligible to play basketball. McKenna grins and admonishes him to keep up his grades. "You hear me, now," he says, shaking his finger at the youngster, who towers over him.

Educators wish that charismatic principals like these—and their methods of creating an environment for learning—were the norm in embattled urban schools across America. But they are rare exceptions, unreachable for the majority of America's urban pupils. Says Winifred Green, president of the Southern Coalition for Educational Equality in Jackson, Miss.: "I would move to any city in the country and send my kids to public school if I could pick the school. They are not all even."

A few districts are trying to salvage pupils with alternative opportunities, either inside the schools or outside in other facili-

ties. Two years ago Burke Principal Holland in Boston instituted a program called Lifeline for students who are repeating ninth or tenth grade. Three separate classrooms at Burke house some 45 repeaters, who study three core subjects—English, math and science—for longer than usual periods. They move only among those three rooms, switching classes at intervals different from the rest of the school. "It is a mechanism so that we don't put 19-year-

shaped up for re-entry into regular classes. "This way, getting kicked out is not a free ride," he explains. Alexander, along with Secretary Bennett and others, also believes in allowing youngsters to select their schools. In Memphis, for example, students can pick any school in the city. "Once they have made a choice, you know they want to be there," he says.

In too many cities, however, the choice may be between one dreadful school or another that is mediocre, barely supported by penurious budgets, neglected by parents and politicians, beset by gang rumbles, drug trafficking and other social ills. Says Allan Weinberg, assistant director for reading and English-language arts in Philadelphia: "Schools reflect society. You must always remember that." And American society has left these schools, and the students in them, to struggle on their own.



Teaching Whiz Escalante magnetizes math students at Garfield High



Principal McClenndon gets a salute from the Jr. ROTC at Mays in Atlanta

olds in ninth-grade classrooms next to 14-year-olds," says Holland. When the repeaters catch up, they will be moved back into regular classes or sent to alternative programs like Jobs for Youth, which combine work with study.

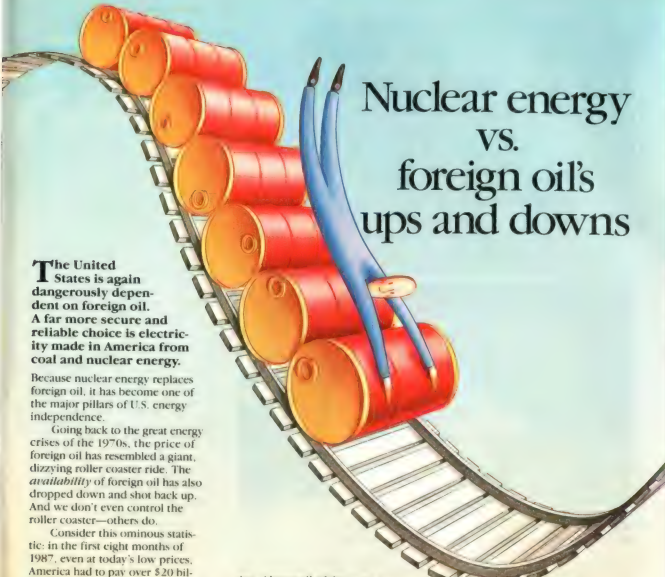
Former Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander, who has just been named president of the University of Tennessee system, promotes an in-school suspension system that he brought in as Governor as part of his "Better Schools Program" in 1982. Trouble makers booted out of regular classes are sent to designated rooms. There, they must continue to study under the guidance of a disciplinarian like the football coach, or someone else with a touch of intimidation, until they have

clearly, time has run out for such neglect. Says Boston Principal Holland: "Schools can't educate alone. They used to be isolated, but now the problems are so magnified that it takes the family, it takes the school, it takes the community all working together to make education possible." Top educators emphasize that the commitment must be nationwide and backed by consistent Federal Government support. All the wonderful, well-meaning spot programs designed to help underachievers or trouble makers really amount to no more than Band-Aids applied to the lucky few. Fortunately, after proposing cuts in the national education budget in six of its seven years, the Reagan Administration has begun to appreciate the stakes. This year education is one of the few areas where funding will be increased. In his State of the

Union address, the President is expected to announce a billion-dollar boost for the 1989 Department of Education budget.

The Carnegie Foundation's Boyer believes such federal action comes at the eleventh hour. "This nation cannot survive with any sense of strength or confidence if half our students in urban areas remain economically, socially and civically unprepared," he says. Public education is now on trial in America, and many educators feel that the decade ahead may be the last real chance for the nation's schools. That is, without doubt, the most urgent lesson that Principal Joe Clark can teach.

—By Ezra Bowen, Reported by Jonathan Beatty/Los Angeles, Melissa Ludtke/Boston and Janice C. Simpson/Paterson



Nuclear energy vs. foreign oil's ups and downs

The United States is again dangerously dependent on foreign oil. A far more secure and reliable choice is electricity made in America from coal and nuclear energy.

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Consider this ominous statistic: in the first eight months of 1987, even at today's low prices, America had to pay over \$20 billion for foreign oil. That's a lot of dollars leaving this country, adding to an already huge trade deficit.

Nuclear energy cuts oil imports

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Our economy needs plenty of new electrical energy to keep on grow-

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The truth is that nuclear energy is an everyday fact of life in the U.S. It's been generating electricity here for nearly 30 years. Throughout the country are more than 100 nuclear plants, and they are our second largest source of electric power. As our economy grows, we'll need more of those plants to avoid even more dependence on foreign oil.

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Press

A Game of Chicken in Detroit

Knight-Ridder threatens to close down a venerable paper

For a quarter-century, Detroit has been the scene of one of the nation's bitterest newspaper wars. All-out efforts by the afternoon *News* and the morning *Free Press* to beat each other into submission cost millions and kept newsstand prices and advertising rates at rock bottom. Then two years ago both papers agreed to an odd sort of truce. Gannett Co., owner of the *News*, and Knight-Ridder Inc., owner of the *Free Press*, decided to take advantage of a federal law designed to preserve the editorial voice of a dying

solemnly announced that the 157-year-old *Free Press* will stop publishing unless the Attorney General approves the plan.

Knight-Ridder's move ends years of high-stakes poker and initiates a risky game of chicken. By placing the future of the *Free Press* (and its 2,200 employees) squarely in the lap of the Attorney General, Knight-Ridder is gambling that Meese will have no choice but to save the paper. To up the odds, the company has launched an all-out public relations blitz designed to win over local opponents and

John F. Kelly, would be a dangerous precedent. "If the J.O.A. is approved in Detroit," he declares, "there's no way any other J.O.A. in any other city in the country could be denied."

Also troubling is the fact that it is far from certain that either Detroit paper is in immediate danger of failing. While Knight-Ridder executives insist the *Free Press* (circ. 639,312 daily; 735,000 Sunday) cannot survive continued competition from the *News* (circ. 686,787 daily; 840,000 Sunday), Needelman's report paints a different picture. Both papers, he says, spent "extravagantly" in the expectation that they would either triumph over the competition or be rewarded anyway with a lucrative J.O.A. Monies currently cited by Knight-Ridder as part of the *Free Press*'s \$100 million losses were once accepted by its board as "investments" in a long-term strategy to beat the *News*.

And while Chapman is pleading near bankruptcy, one of his own memos (to Gannett Chairman Al Neuhauser) included in Needelman's report makes a strong case that the *Free Press* should receive an equal share of the J.O.A.'s future earnings. "The Detroit *Free Press* is a well managed newspaper with a loyal readership base and a proven and continuing capacity to expand its reach," Chapman wrote, before listing several favorable statistics not usually associated with failing newspapers.

Needelman blames both papers' losses on their keen competition; only in Detroit does a metropolitan paper still cost 15¢. "At higher circulation and advertising prices," he writes, "Detroit can sustain two profitable papers." He concludes that the *Free Press* is not dominated by the *News* and cannot yet be classified as a failing paper.

Knight-Ridder executives hotly dispute Needelman's report, arguing that he contradicts his own conclusion by admitting that neither paper can unilaterally raise prices without risking a huge loss in circulation. Many industry analysts agree. "Needelman completely missed the point about competitive newspaper economics," says Bruce Thorp of Provident National Bank. Without the J.O.A., adds Thorp, "there is little question in my mind that one paper will disappear."

Before then, however, the great Detroit newspaper war will be settled in Washington, where the Attorney General will face the thorny choice of flouting the recommendations of his staff or being blamed for the death of a venerable American institution. Either way, Meese will not question the seriousness of Knight-Ridder's threat. Says *Free Press* Executive Editor Heath Meriwether: "Anyone who has looked at Alvah Chapman's record knows that he's not the sort who bluffs."

—By Laurence Zuckerman.
Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and
B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit



Half or nothing: Publisher David Lawrence with letters from loyal readers

newspaper by allowing it to combine its business operations with a healthy competitor. They thus joined forces in applying to the Justice Department for approval of a "joint operating arrangement." Testifying at a hearing last August, Knight-Ridder Chairman Alvah Chapman backed up the proposal with a harsh ultimatum: unless the Justice Department approved the J.O.A., he would recommend that Knight-Ridder "close down the *Free Press* and dispose of its assets."

Administrative Law Judge Morton Needelman was not impressed. He noted that Knight-Ridder, one of the country's richest and most distinguished newspaper chains, had invested tens of millions of dollars in the *Free Press* and had never before folded any of its papers. Thus, Needelman concluded, "I have assigned little weight to this threat." But last week, less than a month after Needelman issued his report to Attorney General Edwin Meese recommending against the controversial J.O.A., Chapman pursued his threat further. Emerging from a Detroit meeting of the 17-member Knight-Ridder board, he

to sway Meese. After last week's board meeting, Chapman scheduled private meetings with leaders of the paper's unions and Mayor Coleman Young, who has already hinted that he may abandon his opposition to the plan. *Free Press* Publisher David Lawrence triggered a ground swell of support with a front-page editori-

Detroit Free Press
Michigan's great morning tradition

al asking readers to write in what they would miss most about the paper.

There are currently J.O.A.s in 22 cities throughout the country, including Cincinnati, San Francisco and Seattle, and no application has ever been denied. But Detroit presents an unusual case. By far the biggest consolidation ever proposed (worth \$300 million in annual advertising and circulation revenues), the Detroit J.O.A. would last for an initial term of 100 years, twice the life-span of most others. The result, warns Michigan State Senator

Medicine

More Heartache

The trouble with pacemakers

Surgeons in the U.S. implant about 100,000 new pacemakers each year, at an average cost of \$12,000. Last week Cardiologist Allan Greenspan of Philadelphia's Albert Einstein Medical Center charged that the implantations are often useless. In an article published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, he concluded that more than half the pacemaker operations he studied were either unnecessary or of questionable need. Concluded Greenspan: "Not all physicians who prescribe pacemakers know as much about the subject as they should."

First developed three decades ago, the small battery-operated devices transmit electrical impulses that correct both irregular and slow heartbeats. However, many abnormal rhythms do not warrant pacemakers; some may be caused by medication or associated with circulatory problems. When Greenspan and his colleagues reviewed the 1983 medical charts for 382 Philadelphia-area pacemaker patients, they found that 20% of the implants were completely unnecessary and 36% were not adequately justified. The solution, he argues, includes better training for physicians and more diagnostic tests.

No one doubts that pacemakers can save lives. But as many as 30,000 may be buried with the deceased each year in the U.S. To avoid such waste, Implant Technologies Inc. of Bothell, Wash., wants funeral directors to recover the devices so the firm can then sterilize and export them to the Third World for \$600 to \$800 apiece. "In the more than 6,000 cases of pacemaker reuse around the world, there has never been a single reported incident of malfunction attributable to reuse," declares I.T.I. President John Elsholz. If a pacemaker works, he reasons, why abandon it? The company has applied to the Food and Drug Administration for approval, and hopes to begin shipments by June. ■



Upbeat work: Elsholz with revitalized stock



Midwinter fur fest in Manhattan: no longer a luxury but a "life-style item"

Living

Why Wait for a Man to Buy One?

More and younger women are spoiling themselves with furs

A mink, advised Amy Vanderbilt 25 years ago, must be "treated with respect and worn on appropriate occasions only." This ruled out sporting one on the subway, at the fish market, over sweat pants or before 6 p.m. Tradition further dictated that unless she was a starlet or worse, a woman waited for her husband to present her with a coat on her 50th birthday, to mark her arrival as a Matron.

This week, as shoppers descend upon furriers for the annual winter sales, those maxims appear all but extinct. A typical buyer is more likely to be female than male, and more likely to be under 30 than 50, also, she may earn less than the salesperson. The new breed of shoppers operates on the principle that life is short, winters are cold, and it is better to spoil yourself than rely on a man to do it for you. "I always wanted a fur, and I get what I want," says Karen Fallica, 24, an accountant from Brooklyn who earns about \$25,000 a year and has budgeted \$6,000 for a mink. "It's not worth it to wait for a guy to get you one," maintains Vesna Vujosevic, 23, a secretary from Queens, as she prowls through Manhattan's Saks Fifth Avenue in search of a floor-length blue fox.

More than 50% of all furs are now bought by women under 30 (vs about 25% ten years ago), a trend that retailers are doing everything they can to encourage. Fur sales have gone up roughly 10% annually since 1977, reaching an all-time high of almost \$2 billion last year—this despite the October stock-market crash

that many feared would hurt luxury sales. But then, a fur is no longer a luxury, notes Sandra Blye of the American Fur Industry association. "It's a life-style item."

Minks still account for more than half of all sales, but many young shoppers are looking for something different. Among the options are a yellow rabbit ski jacket with black skiers stenciled all over it, a sheared muskrat with silk-screen Dalmatian dots, and blond Tanuki raccoons with sleeves spiraled like a barber's pole.

Fur sales continue to rise despite intensified opposition by animal-rights activists. The Humane Society of the U.S., based in Washington, is planning an all-out advertising campaign. Says Vice President John Grandy: "We believe that if society became aware of the animals' suffering, it would choose against fur." The Pennsylvania-based Trans-Species Unlimited plans a Valentine's Day protest at major-city stores. Its slogan: "Have a heart for wildlife. Don't buy fur."

For the moment, fur fanciers do not seem to be deterred. "The animal-rights issue went through my mind," admits one shopper, who went ahead and bought a \$15,000 mink. "But if it really bothered me, I would be a vegetarian." An economic downturn, retailers fear, might do more to depress the market. But so far, there seems little cause for alarm. As Vujosevic says about her priorities as she searches for her blue fox: "It was either going to be a coat or a co-op." No contest there.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs.

Reported by Janice M. Horowitz/New York

People



Technicolor in Tampa: the cast of American Ballet Theater's new *Gaité Parisienne* steps out in snappy costumes by Couturier Christian Lacroix

When the American Ballet Theater's rousing production of *Gaité Parisienne* premiered in Tampa last week, purists were shocked. Instead of black stockings and garters, the famous can-can girls kicked up their heels to Offenbach's effervescent score sported huge white dots on their hose, multicolored underskirts and tops of emerald green, red and blue. The wild costumes are the work of Designer **Christian Lacroix**, 36, reigning king of Paris haute couture. Lacroix says that his was a "Toulouse-Lautrec in-

spiration." Says A.B.T. Artistic Director **Mikhail Baryshnikov**, 39, who brings the ballet to New York in April: "From his very first sketches I felt this is going to be marvelous. Christian Lacroix is the Belle Epoque." And for the dance crowd at least, the costume designer of the hour.

As the presidential primaries heat up, one former candidate will be watching the action from the vantage point of an ivory tower. **Geraldine Ferraro**,

52, the first woman to run for Vice President in a major political party, next week begins a four-month stint as a fellow at Harvard University's Institute of Politics. Ferraro, who shared the 1984 Democratic ticket with **Walter Mondale**, will split her time between the Cambridge campus and her home and law practice in Queens. "I'm thrilled," says the former Congresswoman of the appointment. Ferraro will teach a seminar called "So You Want to Be President," which, she says, will "look at the candidates from the inside

out." She will also work on a new book about the press and the right to privacy. Ferraro has already suffered through some of the homework: Her husband **John Zaccaro**, 54, a businessman, made headlines when he was convicted of a financial misdemeanor in 1985 and when he was later found not guilty of soliciting a bribe over the awarding of a cable-TV franchise. The 1986 drug arrest of Ferraro's son, **John Jr.**, 23, for which he still awaits trial, was also splashed across the national press.

A Night at the Opera

Ever since Queen Elizabeth I patronized plays 400 years ago, the British monarchy has been frightfully keen on the theater. Last week two of the Windsors continued the tradition in royal fashion. On her first official visit to the U.S., H.R.H. the Duchess of York, 28, formerly Sarah Ferguson and best known to the world as Fergie, attended *The Phantom of the Opera*, as well as a blitz of dramatic arts events. At home, Prince Edward, 23, youngest of the Queen's four children, found a backstage job, thanks to a royal favorite, Musical Magnate and *Phantom* Creator Andrew Lloyd Webber.



Flowers for Fergie: arriving for *Phantom*

The duchess arrived in America starring in a drama

of her own. London's tabloids had loudly speculated that she was pregnant. Buckingham Palace refused to deny or confirm the rumors, and Fergie and her friends kept mum. The press gang along on her recent skiing holiday in Switzerland gleefully noted that the athletic duchess appeared late on the slopes (morning sickness?) and took afternoon rests.

In the U.S., the duchess, sans Husband Andrew, 27, the Duke of York, who stayed home on Royal Navy duty, visited the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center in Waterford, Conn. Wearing a Ralph Lauren wool jacket and ankle-length skirt, an eager and smiling Fergie toured the drama school with Diandra Douglas, wife of Actor-Producer Michael Douglas, an alumnus and now a trustee of the center. Michael, who intended to squire Fergie, was held up in Paris on *Fatal Attraction* publicity. After nervous young students gave a puppet demonstration for the duchess and presented her with a *Phan-*



Staying mum on the slopes

As Maddie Hayes, *Moonlighting*'s delectable and difficult p.i., **Cybill Shepherd**, 37, doesn't flash a badge. But last week the actress finally got a star—on the sidewalk. She was the 1,864th personality to be so honored on Hollywood's Walk of Fame. In her first public appearance since giving birth to twins last October, Shepherd quipped, "People can finally walk all over me like they've wanted to for years." **Bruce Willis**, 32, who co-stars on *Moonlighting* as David Addison and is himself a father-to-be, sent a telegram: SORRY I CAN'T BE THERE, BUT ONE OF US HAS TO WORK. Now both will. After five months of maternity leave, during which *Moonlighting* made do with several reruns and slipping ratings, Shepherd and Willis will be reunited in next week's episode. Will pregnant Maddie play a single parent? Will she hitch up with pa-

ternity-candidate David, or will a new love capture his heart? The plot twist, says Shepherd, is "going to be a big shock."

The third annual Rock and Roll Hall of Fame bash in New York City last week began and ended harmoniously, but in between it hit more sour notes than a garage band from Encino. The agenda called for inducting the **Beach Boys**, the **Beatles**, **Bob Dylan**, the **Drifters** and the **Supremes**. Even before the black-tie throng of celebrities dug into their pâté, **Paul McCartney** had refused to attend, citing business differences with **George Harrison** and **Ringo Starr** that would make the evening a "fake reunion." The Beach Boys' **Mike**



Hall of famers: Harrison, left, and Dylan

Love kicked up sand by deriding the absence of both McCartney and **Diana Ross**, and challenged the "mop tops" and **Mick Jagger** to perform as often

as does his group (180 concerts last year). "I'm glad he didn't mention me," quipped Dylan, accepting his award. Before the evening ended with an all-star jam session, **Beach Boys** Composer **Brian Wilson** offered a grace note: "I wanted to write joyful music that would make other people feel good."

That nutty pair has returned to the small screen, this time to sell the nuts—and potato chips too. In their first TV appearance together since *The Odd Couple* left prime time in 1975, **Jack Klugman**, 65, who played Oscar Madison, and **Tony Randall**, 67, who was Felix Unger, again portray emotional opposites in a series of ads for Eagle Snacks, now airing in some cities. During filming, the duo remained true to type. Says Klugman, who raises horses on a California ranch: "I grab a handful and put them in my mouth or stick them in my pocket for later. Tony eats them one at a time." But Manhattanite Randall denies being a real-life Felix: "My wife follows me around saying, 'Mess, mess, mess.'" For fans who cannot get enough, an *Odd Couple* TV movie is in the works. Says Klugman of the script: "I haven't laughed so hard in 15 years." —By J.D. Reed



A gold star for *Moonlighting*: Shepherd admires her award on Hollywood Boulevard

tom puppet, she told them. "That was pretty good considering you've got all this lot watching you."

The next evening, resplendent in a diamond tiara crowning her flame-colored mane and wearing an off-the-shoulder black velvet gown, Fergie stole the show at a special performance of *Phantom*, which opens on Broadway to the public this week. Proceeds from the \$1,000-a-seat benefit show are to go to the O'Neill Center and two British charities. Also in the audience: the Donald Trumps, Nancy Kissinger and Fun Couple Phil Donahue and Mario Thomas. After the show, Fergie went backstage to meet Webber and the Phantom. Actor Michael Crawford, Reported he: "She said even though she'd seen the play twice in London, 'I still cried for the Phantom. And I was one of the first on my feet at the end.'" One incident marred the evening. Arriving at the



Admiring a puppet in Connecticut

Waldorf-Astoria hotel for a gala dinner dance, the duchess's entourage was confronted by some two dozen demonstrators shouting "Murderers!" in protest of the presence of British troops in Northern Ireland. One man was arrested.

While Fergie worked the British musical-export market,

Prince Edward gave an unusual royal boost to the business in London. Edward, who unexpectedly resigned from the Royal Marines a year ago, joined Webber's theater company, The Really Useful Group, as a production assistant. The duties of the prince, an enthusiastic thespian since his days at Cambridge, have not been spelled out, nor has his salary been disclosed. Still, he hardly has to count shillings. Edward already receives \$36,000 a year—his portion of the family's stipend from the British government.

—By J.D. Reed, Reported by Helen Gibson/London and David E. Thigpen/New York



Trouper: Edward onstage

Theater

New Life at London's Old Vic

Director Jonathan Miller embarks on a season of classics

The first image to greet the eye is perhaps the last to linger in the mind: it is the set, veriginously toppling outward as if to plunge a collapsing world and its demented inhabitants into the audience's laps. The place depicted must have been a palace once. Now the arches have sagged, and the staircases end in midair. The steeply raked floor intersects doorways at crazy angles, as though it were not wood but water, flooding a city where the people too seem to be drowning. This haunted spot is Epirus, home of Pyrrhus, heroic son of the even more valiant Achilles, and the time is soon after the Trojan War.

The nightmare world being enacted is not only ancient Greece but also the courtly France of 1667, where Jean Racine wrote his tragedy *Andromache*, and the skinhead London of 1988, whose coarse argot has been chosen by Director Jonathan Miller to lend contemporary clout. The mélange of cultures does not always work, although much else does in this hurtling two-hour, no-intermission staging. Yet Miller's production, which opened last week at London's Old Vic Theater, is an event of considerably broader consequence than a re-examination of an austere and little-produced play by one of the theater's ablest and most innovative directors.

The Old Vic for decades housed a company that emphasized Shakespeare and included some of the great British stage names of the 20th century: Olivier, Gielgud, Richardson, Guinness and Ashcroft among them. Then, from 1963 to 1976, it served as the first home of Britain's National Theater. Thereafter it declined into a mere booking hall, just another space where a producer might launch a commercial production. Now Miller and the theater's owners, Toronto Businessman Ed Mirvish, 73, and his son David, 43, are seeking to bring back the glory days of the classics. Their goal: a commercial troupe to rival in quality the two huge subsidized London ensembles, the National and the Royal Shakespeare Company.

As Miller's controversial reputation would suggest, they will probably be classics with a twist. He has reset an Italian opera in gangster territory, for example, and reimagined O'Neill's *Long*



Suzman and Eyre in *Andromache*: sexy and compelling

Day's Journey into Night as caustic tragedy rather than lugubrious apocalypse. *Andromache* is the first offering of a seven-play season, of which Miller will direct five. With characteristic confidence in his polymathic perversity, he has assigned himself an absurdist British comedy, N.F. Simpson's *One Way Pendulum*; a Jacobean tragedy, *Bussy D'Ambois*; a Leonard Bernstein musical, *Candide*, which Miller says "will have more flavor of the original Voltaire"; and Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Also on the roster are Reinhold Lenz's *The Tutor*, adapted by Brecht, and Alexander Ostrovsky's 19th century Russian comedy *Too Clever By Half*. "I want to break out of the stale convection current that keeps endlessly recirculating the same old Shaw and Chekhov," says Miller. "We are part of Eu-

rope, and there are vast expanses of European literature unknown to London audiences."

Technically, the deal between Miller and the Mirvishes is for just one season, which David Mirvish projects may lose as much as \$1 million. Says Mirvish: "We are hoping to do what we have over decades of owning the Royal Alexandra Theater in Toronto—build a subscription audience that trusts us. We see the first year as an investment." Whatever its eventual fate—and however long the notoriously mercurial Miller stays with it—the new Old Vic seems likely, on the basis of its inaugural season, to enrich the scene in London and perhaps beyond.

Andromache is a production of mordant humor, bitter irony and moral force—if also of significant miscalculation and highly uneven acting. Some of the performers are tripped up by Eric Korn's half-arch, half-vernacular translation, in which vulgarity and clumsy colloquialism ("Is death the net result of all my love?") clash with the neoclassicism of the set and costumes. The plot is a sour inversion of the lovers' tangle in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: Orestes (Kevin McNally), son of the murdered war hero Agamemnon, pursues his cousin Hermione (Penelope Wilton), daughter of Helen of Troy, who in turn loves Achilles' son Pyrrhus (Peter Eyre). But Pyrrhus, although betrothed to Hermione, has insulted his fellow Greeks by offering his heart and throne to Andromache (Janet Suzman), widow of the Trojan prince Hector, and by sparing her son Astyanax, the last male of the royal house of Troy.

Andromache lives only for her child and the memory of her husband, and of all the passions avowed in the opening scenes, only hers is steadfast. As portrayed by Suzman, *Andromache's* immersion in the past is not weak or dreamy but sexy and compelling. In the end, the enslaved queen rules over the city, and her son has been declared the rightful future king of Troy. The fickle, feckless others have been destroyed by their excesses: Pyrrhus murdered, Hermione a suicide, Orestes driven mad. Ultimately the production's shortcomings are not important. Racine, Miller and Set Designer Richard Hudson thrust the audience into a world askew, and the force that has caused the upheaval—the dizzying, delirious and dangerous power of passion—has not much changed from the Greek world to our own. —*Dy William A. Henry III*



Miller aims to rival the National and Royal Shakespeare troupes
Characteristic confidence in his polymathic perversity.



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Books

The Many Guises of Mysteries

Crime fiction, from Golden Age to hard-boiled and beyond

When mystery fans start swapping the names of favorite books and authors, they often sound as though they are speaking of several conflicting genres. Devotees of locked-room puzzle stories may disdain the hard-boiled private-eye saga. The tea-sipping pleasures of naughtiness in a village can seem overrefined in comparison with the beer, blood and brawling in big-city police procedurals. Like the roving players in *Hamlet*, the authors of mystery fiction are prepared to entertain in veins lyrical, tragical, comical and historical and in moods from the slyly literary to the sociologically earnest.

Even the nomenclature is open to debate. Some "mysteries" contain no puzzle or enigma. In many modern "detective" stories there is no true detective. What the French call a *roman policier* may not actually include the police. The British surmount the problem by calling the genre crime fiction. Perhaps the crime story is like pornography in Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart's oft-cited formulation: impossible to define but unmistakable in its effects.

Among those most devoted to stretching the mystery are its two best writers, Britons Peter Dickinson and Ruth Rendell. Each of Dickinson's 16 mysteries has something unique and haunting at its heart, from *Sleep and His Brother*, set at a clinic for children doomed to compulsive somnolence and early death, to *The Poison Oracle*, centering on linguistic research among apes at a desert sultanate's

laboratory. *Perfect Gallows* (Pantheon, 234 pages; \$16.95) traces the psychic development of a world-class actor who through much of the narrative has barely set foot on a stage, yet feels absolutely certain of his craft and ultimate triumph.

The story bristles with shrewd ideas on topics as varied as how Shakespeare's *The Tempest* ought to be played (an amateur production is the fulcrum of the plot) to the role of egalitarian wartime food rationing in dismantling the old British class structure. The budding artist coolly looks on everything—from his mother's death during World War II bombing to his own accidental hastening of an aged relative's demise—as mere material. His outlook

could be that of a genius or a schizophrenic or a psychopath. The confluence among those personalities is precisely Dickinson's point and confers most of the book's considerable suspense. Comparisons to Dostoyevsky are not out of order.

Rendell's most recent work, *Talking to Strange Men* (Pantheon, 280 pages; \$16.95), eerily recalls *Lord of the Flies*. Her schoolboys and -girls are not washed up on some island but housed in upper-middle-class comfort. Yet mentally they inhabit an unseen world where they play an elaborate game of spy and counterspy, conducted with high solemnity and utter ruthlessness. This emotional tinderbox is ignited when the espionage is discovered by an unstable outsider who believes he has found evidence of treason. Rendell's trademark is to invert the classic adventure story: rather than transmute ordinary men into heroes, exceptional events crush them into madness.

James McClure's stories about two policemen in his native South Africa, one white and one black, have been noteworthy in equal measure for their poignant evocation of that land, their perception of partnership and their acute sense of sexual obsession. The last is at the core of a novel that otherwise breaks new ground for him. *Imago* (Penzler, 244 pages; \$16.95) is a mystery that offers no real mystery, no official detective, no police action of consequence and no crime—yet is flavored with an authentic elixir of suspicion and dread. The central character is a radiologist caught up in what his psychiatrist colleagues would label a mid-life crisis: thunderstruck by the nubile daughter of old friends, he undertakes a frenzied search for signs of reciprocity. The result is either hysteria or someone's genuine



Dickinson: something unique and haunting

plot to drive him crazy. *Imago* lacks the sociological acuity and command of character of McClure's best work, but it vividly portrays the emotional peaks and troughs of infatuation.

At the other end of the scale of seriousness are two works notable for their sheer larkish effrontery. In George Baxt's *The Tallulah Bankhead Murder Case* (St. Martin's Press; 228 pages; \$15.95), the ferocious actress is joined by such other real-life viragoes as Dorothy Parker and Lillian Hellman. Baxt's comic turn mingles the actual and the imaginary like a pun-obsessed spin-off of E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*, and has a similarly political bent. Set in 1952, it sketches deft parallels between the paranoia induced by a serial killer and the mania generated by McCarthy-era blacklisting. The plot is merely serviceable and the cast of characters sprawling rather than sharply defined, but the machine-gun barrage of witticisms from its formidable ladies is either a well-researched compendium of bons



Tapley: a plot leaps from the headlines

mots or a wholly convincing imitation.

Peter Lovesey's *Bertie and the Tinman* (Mysterious Press; 212 pages; \$15.95) features a first-person amateur detective who is none other than the Prince of Wales, Queen Victoria's son and heir. Lovesey proved himself the world's foremost concocter of latter-day Victoriana in his series of mysteries built around Sergeant Cribb, then echoed the early 20th century in the nostalgic Hollywood story *Keystone* and the brilliantly plotted thriller *The False Inspector Dew*. Here he returns to 19th century London and, as always, to a subtle but relentless dissection of Britain's unjust social-class system. The rueful, candid voice he gives to the fleshy prince rings true, the details of the horse-racing and music-hall worlds are vivid, and much of the tale is sweetly funny—as when His Royal Highness, disguised to investigate a murder, is accosted by a streetwalker who addresses him amiably as “Tubby.”

Historical novelty is a widespread preoccupation of mystery writers, whether to vary their stories or display newly found erudition or simply to write off a vacation trip on their tax returns. Ellis Pe-

ters offers her 14th chronicle of Brother Cadfael, a resolutely logical monk who is a 12th century forerunner of G.K. Chesterton's Father Brown, in *The Hermit of Eynon Forest* (Mysterious Press; 224 pages; \$15.95). Peters' narratives suffer from cuteness and rarely make medieval people come alive as convincingly as, say, the ancient Greeks and Persians in the novels of Mary Renault. But she weaves a plot ably and is extremely effective at dividing the world into good guys and bad guys and working up the reader's rooting interest.

Los Angeles has attracted as many first-rate mystery novelists as any other metropolis, and none have been better at evoking the landscape, the light, the architecture and the ethnic diversity than Joseph Hansen. The ninth and most affecting of his series featuring Dave Brandstetter, a homosexual insurance-claims investigator, returns the private eye to the byways of the gay subculture, particularly among more secretive and closeted denizens. *Early Graves* (Mysterious Press; 184 pages; \$15.95) is not the first novel to deal with the impact of AIDS and will surely not be the last, but it will probably rank with the best. It begins with Brandstetter's discovery of a corpse on his doorstep, the latest in a string of victims who were all dying of the virus already. His effort to unravel what turns out to be two related mysteries takes him to the homes of abandoned victims, grieving families and lovers, co-workers deep into denial. Their quicksand feelings of fear mingled with shame and rage are powerfully drawn and linger in the mind. Apart from its virtues as fiction, Hansen's book is a field correspondent's breathtaking dispatch from a community in the midst of disaster.

Loren D. Estleman's misfortune in life can be summed up in one name: Elmore Leonard. Were it not for his fellow Detroiters' surge to fame and best sellerdom, Estleman would doubtless be known as the poet of Motor City. An award winner both for private-eye fiction and for westerns, Estleman is, fittingly, never better than when describing a road and vehicles in combat on it. He is almost as good at evoking places, whether a sterile office complex, a blind-pig saloon in a ghetto, a shack in a Michigan version of Dogpatch or a patio in a smug suburb. His ear for diverse patois seems impeccable, and so does the inner mechanism that tells him when an unlikely escape can be plausible or when violence must instead turn into calamity. *Downriver* (Houghton Mifflin; 210 pages; \$15.95) offsets those virtues with a plot that, like other recent work of his, relies unsatisfyingly on impersonation and concealed identity, and places conveniently offstage his investigator's neater tricks of digging up information or penetrating a security barrier.

Of the Boston-area writers, William G. Tapley seems to grow the most from book to book: *The Vulgar Boatman* (Scribner's; 226 pages; \$14.95) almost

leaps from the headlines: a charismatic Massachusetts gubernatorial candidate is hit by a family scandal that seems to result from careful orchestration of the media. Complicating the plot are sexual twists, sadistic murders and a high school-based drug ring that exploits the gap in computer awareness between young people and most of their elders. The infectious spread of the drug culture into comfortable suburbs and small towns is nothing new in either fact or fiction, but Tapley treats it with affecting indignation. The candidate's teenage son, in whom the plots connect, is particularly touching and believable.

Hardly anyone writes anymore in the Golden Age vein of Agatha Christie. John Dickson Carr and other proponents of the thinking-machine detective and the sort of plot one could dissect strictly through armchair ratiocination. But many readers and nearly all mystery writers were nurtured on such stuff, so every now and then a master of the more modern, psychologi-



Keating: balancing send-up and revival

cal style will feel prompted to an affectionate pastiche. H.R.F. Keating's *The Body in the Billiard Room* (Viking; 247 pages; \$15.95) transplants his seditious, canny but congenitally modest Bombay detective Ganesh Ghote to a decaying but pretentious club in Ootacamund, an erstwhile hill station still redolent of the raj. There a dotty old official prattles on about the style of detection he has encountered in books, and expects Ghote to strut like Hercule Poirot. The obligatory murder has in fact taken place in the socially appropriate billiard room; the situation amounts to a classic locked-room puzzle; the suspects are all elite.

Keating superbly manages the balance between a send-up of the Golden Age and a revival of it. But more powerful are the scenes in which Ghote travels outside the club and back into the real India of poverty, caste conflict and never Westernized religion and custom. The story has suspense, illicit sex, danger and ample comic relief. Perhaps the best measure of Keating's achievement is that this book makes mystery a single genre again: it is hard to imagine a fan, of whatever tastes, who will not greet it with delight. —By William A. Henry III

Sexes

When Women Vie with Women

The sisterhood finds rivalry and envy can be the price of success

Laurie Bernstein well remembers starting at a small Southern law firm and getting distinctly icy treatment from the only other woman lawyer on the staff. When Bernstein was given one of her female colleague's cases to handle, resentment turned to spite: Bernstein discovered that she was not getting the court documents, letters and other important papers she needed to handle the case. Late one evening she and a senior partner found the missing material hidden in the woman's mailbox. Ms. Sabotage was severely reprimanded. "I felt terrible," recalls Bernstein, 30. "I had expected a camaraderie to emerge between the two of us as the only female lawyers at the firm. But quite the opposite occurred."

Now, hold on a minute. This is not the way it was supposed to be. All of that demonstrating and pamphleteering in the early '70s was supposed to have helped women move into professional and managerial jobs without resorting to destructive behavior. But as more women rise in the corporate power structure, they are discovering, much to their dismay, that they are not always sisters under the skin after all. In fact, many of them are acting suspiciously like... well... men. "Now women are encouraged to be as aggressive as men on the job," write Psychotherapists Luise Eichenbaum and Susie Orbach, co-authors of the just published book *Between Women: Love, Envy, and Competition in Women's Friendships* (Viking; \$17.95).

The authors, who like many feminists have spent years trying to open corporate doors, are trying to comprehend the world they have entered. Female bonds are being broken, they say, as women discover that "the feelings of competition and envy, the scurry for approval, the wish to be acknowledged and noticed by other women are now a part of their daily work lives." Nor do some younger women seem to care much about feminist ideals. "I see a lot less concern among younger women about sticking together," declares Nancy Ferree-Clark, associate minister at Duke University. "They don't feel the allegiance to the women's movement that older women do. They say, 'Gee, that's passé. I can make it on my own.'"

Things can get pretty nasty behind the Escada suits and the hint of Giorgio perfume. If author Judith Briles is to be believed, in her recently published book,

Woman to Woman: From Sabotage to Support (New Horizon Press; \$18.95), she sets down nearly 300 pages of testimonials supporting the hypothesis that women are attacking women in the workplace with carefully veiled venom and viciousness. "If women are going to sabotage someone, it's more likely to be another woman than



a man," declares Briles, 42, a former Palo Alto, Calif., stockbroker.

Many women scoff at this portrait of the female barracuda maneuvering her way around corporate reefs. "I have found a tremendous amount of helping and generosity among the women in my industry," says Mary McCarthy, 42, a senior vice president at MGM-UA Communications in Beverly Hills. Lawyers Renée Berliner Rush, 31, and Julie Anne Banon, 32, say they became best friends while working for a Manhattan executive-search firm. "From the day we began working together, we believed that the way to succeed was to work with and help each other, not to work against each other," says Rush. The two women now run their own headhunting firm for lawyers.

Perhaps reality lies somewhere between the rapier thrust and the sympa-

thetic ear. There may be a tendency for women to be more jealous of one another than men are of their colleagues, says Niles Newton, a behavioral scientist at Northwestern Medical School. That stems, she thinks, "from insecurities because they haven't been in the workplace as long as men." Assertiveness and rivalry also make many women feel uncomfortable, "and it becomes much more a problem in the workplace, where they are a natural occurrence," says Anne Frenkel, a social worker with the Chicago Women's Therapy Collective. "Women have to

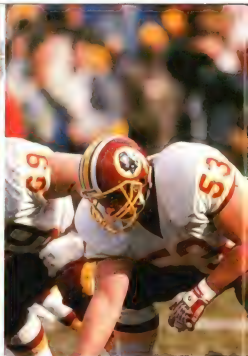
understand that being competitive with someone doesn't mean you don't like them. Men can be competitive and still be friends."

Still, friendships between women—what Simone de Beauvoir called that "warm and frivolous intimacy"—are too often the casualties of success these days. Eichenbaum, 35, and Orbach, 41, are concerned that "in the world of every-woman-for-herself, the old support systems can be tragically undermined." That sometimes happens when women win promotions and find themselves supervising women who were once close friends. "I tend not to have relationships with women I supervise," says Kathy Schrier, 40, a union administrator in Manhattan. "Some women can't make that break, though, and it hurts them as managers."

Other women have problems relating to their female bosses. Even though MGM-UA's McCarthy has high praise for her female colleagues, she admits that in the past she has "felt sabotaged" by executive secretaries. "It was jealousy of my position from someone on a lower level," she says. Corporate Lawyer Deborah Dugan, 29, recalls that when she joined a Los Angeles law firm, her assigned female secretary "refused to work for me. She said she would have trouble taking orders from another female."

How can women cope with these conflicts? Chicago's Frenkel believes professional women must stop taking another woman's success as a personal affront. "They have to separate out business from personal issues," she says. For some women, that's impossible, as Laura Srebnik, 33, a Manhattan computer educator, discovered when she suddenly found herself supervising a "dear friend" at a political lobbying group. The friend, she says, became hostile, talked about her behind her back and then quit. The parting explanation, says Srebnik, was "that I had become one of them"—the power structure. For some women in the workplace, that is still the ultimate insult.

—By David Brand. Reported by Andrea Sachs/New York, with other bureaus



No. 7 or 17 for XXII on the 31st: Elway, Denver's sublime quarterback, and Williams, the hot numerologist from Washington, meet on insuperable

Sport

A Tangle of Broncos and Redskins

The 22nd Super Bowl figures to go this way, that way and every which way

Face value is an elusive concept at the Super Bowl, where the tickets for next week's XXIInd renewal started at \$100. But since neither Washington nor Denver claims to be a great team, it figures to be a decent game for a change. Both the Redskins and the Broncos won conference championships in heart-stopping fashion when the Minnesota Vikings and the Cleveland Browns faltered and fumbled on their goal lines. The Redskins' coach, born-again Joe Gibbs, 47, actually fell to his knees in prayer before the Vikings' final play. Recalling his days as an assistant in San Diego, Gibbs said later, "I didn't live like I should have." Now he returns to the scene of the crimes with his new virtue confirmed.

Commending the Washington fans for their leather lungs, Gibbs admitted, "I think we'd have had a hard time beating Minnesota any other place." But the limits of honesty were strained when he went on to say, "I was lucky enough to come into a great situation here in 1981. I think any other coach would have won here also." Since starting out 0-5 that season, the Redskins have won 84

of 112 games and reached three Super Bowls. All this week in San Diego, Gibbs is in grave danger of being declared a genius.

Washington's only Super Bowl victory came against the Miami Dolphins five years ago, the season of the last National Football League strike, when the Redskins had one of the few shops without a strikebreaker. This time, during the three weeks of "replacement" games last October, Washington was the only team that stayed out en masse. Something must be said for solidarity. Meanwhile, the few

Denver players who crossed the line, Receiver Steve Watson among them, seemed invariably to get injured. Picketing outside the stadium, Bronco Linebacker Karl Mecklenburg did some temporary damage to his image, retrieving and tearing up an eighty-year-old's autograph when the boy started to go into the game.

Of all the sagas of well-traveled scabs (some of whom will have either \$18,000 or \$9,000 coming from the Super Bowl), the most compelling path was taken by David Jones, a center. He began in Denver and ended up in Washington. After helping the Broncos win two of three strike games, Jones hired on with the Redskins simply as a snapper for punts and place-kicks. Knocked unconscious in the Vikings game, he was advised by doctors that another blow to his vertebrae might paralyze him. "I think someone's trying to tell me something," he said. "I'm done playing for good."

The central character of the interminable buildup, which customarily dwarfs the contest, figures to be the Redskins' Doug Williams. 32, the

Joyful stomp in the mile-high city; hog heaven in the capital





Sunday in San Diego to see whose number will be up

Super Bowl's first black starting quarterback. His initial reaction is to smile. "I can't go in there and tell the Broncos' defense I'm black and I'm doing this for black America," he says. "Maybe it's a little sweeter for me because of some of the things I've been through, but I'm doing it for the Washington Redskins and myself."

Williams was the 17th player drafted in the first round of 1978 by the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. This is not a meaningless slot to the 6-ft., 4-in., 220-lb. man from Grambling, a dabbler in numerology who wears the number 17 and beat the Vikings on January 17, 1970. But his has not been a lucky career. In Williams' first full season as the Bucs' starter in 1979, he lifted the league's most woeful team to a 10-6 record and a playoff upset over Philadelphia. Still, he was ridiculed as a rocket launcher without temper or touch who "could overthrow the Ayatullah."

In 1983, the awful year Williams' wife died suddenly of a brain tumor just three months after giving birth to their daughter, he fled to the Oklahoma Outlaws of the United States Football League. When the U.S.F.L. folded after the 1985 season, only the Redskins indicated any interest in him, and then only as a backup. He attempted one pass in all of 1986. It was incomplete.

The quarterback whom Williams understudied, last year's young pro bowler Jay Schroeder, 26, was demoted, reinstated and then finally shelved this season in one of the most dramatic reversals of form in league history. Reports that the Redskins players were muttering for Williams on the sidelines have been denied, but he does say, "I've had a lot of encouragement from the guys on this team, white, black or whatever. They respect me." His completion percentage against the Vikings was ghastly (nine of 26), but as the citizens of Denver will agree, the result is what counts.

Not only were the Broncos outshone by the Browns in their 38-33 shoot-out, but Denver's sublime John Elway also looked to be only the second-best quarterback on the field. Doing his awkward and wonderful impression of Johnny Unitas, Bernie Kosar was blithely leading the Browns back from a 21-3 half-time deficit when Runner Earnest Byner dropped the season on the three-yard line. In the locker room afterward, the Broncos players were unusually quiet, and not only because of the nature of their victory. They remembered last year.

Most of the preliminaries to Super Bowl XXI were spent godding-up Elway: then Phil Simms of the New York Giants was the one who quarterbacked an impeccable game. "Last year was Alice in Wonderland," says Owner Pat Bowlen. This year the Broncos have a keener sense of purpose. Counting the days he played and assisted in Dallas, it will be the eleventh title game for Coach Dan Reeves, 45, who once tried to motivate the Broncos by stacking greenbacks on a table. This time he is exhibiting his championship rings.

Working on their third center and third right guard, the Broncos have a casualty list that ranges from the brutal to the baroque. During the Cleveland game, surgical pins started oozing out of Strong Safety Dennis Smith's broken hand; he kept playing. On top of that, consider the fact that three defensive stalwarts—Cornerback Louis Wright, Linebacker Tom Jackson and Safety Steve Foley—retired after last year. Nobody can say how the defense was able to repeat, but everyone knows venerable Assistant Coach Joe Collier had much to do with it.

Denver's season turned around on a 21-14 loss in Buffalo that left the Broncos' record a meager 4-3-1. "I've never been the kind who's been a verbal leader," said Elway, 27, "but I guess I'm going to have to say something." He called the team to order. "I was so disgusted with the way I played in that game. The effort just wasn't there. I decided that my life in football is too short not to enjoy it. Every game should be fun, and when you're having fun, you play your best. I tried to get that attitude going on the team. Right now everyone is having fun."

But particularly the Three Amigos, Elway's merriest band of pass catchers: Vance Johnson, Mark Jackson and Ricky Nattiel. With Gerald Willhite among the fractured, honest workman Sammy Winder more or less constitutes Denver's running game (quarterback scrambles excluded). A lot depends again on the arm of Elway, though maybe also on the foot of Rich Karlis. If Karlis had made a couple of makable field goals in the first half of last year's Super Bowl, the game could have been much different. The Redskins' kicking game has been so shaky. Ali Haji-Sheikh and Jess Atkinson were still fighting for the job last week. The loser will have a hard time finding a ticket in San Diego.

—By Tom Callahan

To the Finish

"Someone eventually gets us"

Boxing finally finished with Larry Holmes last week. Just as he always did while he was heavyweight champion, Holmes kept getting up when Mike Tyson kept knocking him down in the fourth round of their title fight in Atlantic City, N.J., though the third time down the referee made him stay. The final punch Holmes threw at 38, 28 months since he lost the title he had held for seven years, was a roundhouse right that got caught in the ring ropes, straightening him up perfectly for the right fist from Tyson that knocked him into oblivion.

In the end, only the ring seemed to reach out for Holmes, though Tyson tried. "At his best, he was the greatest of our time," said the undefeated young barbarian, 21, who meant it kindly. "I always used to want Holmes to win, except when he fought Ali." So even afterward, Tyson was landing one-two. In the prefight keynote, one last time, the vague old champ Muhammad Ali was paraded in front of the unfortunate man whom history had designated to follow him. Later, as Holmes spun drunkenly about the ring, Ali's former corner physician Ferdie Pacheco murmured, "Those are the knockdowns that make you walk funny when you're 40." Once he could think again, Holmes said, "As we all go along, someone eventually gets us, and they got me tonight." Already the thriest fighter in memory, at least he made \$3 million.

"He had his time; his reign is over now completely," pronounced Tyson, declaring that his next opponent would be Tony Tubbs. Michael Spinks' promoter seemed more incensed by this than Michael Spinks. After 33 victories and 29 knockouts, Tyson restated his feelings about this and every fight. "If anyone's ever going to beat me," he pledged, "no way am I going to get out of that ring walking. I'm going to have to be carried out of that ring." Don't they all go out that way? —By Tom Callahan



Tyson goes after the former champ

Of Mandingo and Jimmy "the Greek"

"On the plantations, a strong black man was mated with a strong black woman. [Blacks] were simply bred for physical qualities."

Those are not the words of Jimmy ("the Greek") Snyder, the football speculator cashiered by CBS Sports for enunciating a virtually identical sentiment in a Martin Luther King Day interview. Rather they were spoken by black Olympic Gold Medalist Lee Evans, a militant protester against white racism during the 1960s. Evans was quoted in a 1971 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* article on the purported physiological differences between blacks and whites. In that story, among many other things, experts claimed that what Coach Al Campanis more recently declared was true: blacks are less buoyant. If there are significant genetic differences between blacks and whites, the ability to spew pseudohistorical nonsense about racial distinctions is one trait both races have in common and in abundance.

The notion that systematic efforts to improve the prowess of slaves by selective breeding have something to do with black athletic achievements is one of the most persistent and pernicious myths in America's overflowing collection of racist ideas. Historians as diverse as Ulrich B. Phillips, a staunch defender of the Confederacy, and Eugene Genovese, a Marxist, have convincingly shown that there was no widespread deliberate mating of slaves. This preposterous theory has nevertheless wormed its way into the collective consciousness through such classic works of pulp fiction as *Mandingo*. It is probably no coincidence that Kyle Onstott, creator of that lurid depiction of the couplings between and within the races on a fictional slave-rearing plantation, was also the author of *The New Art of Breeding Better Dogs*.

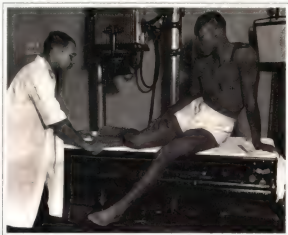
A century of efforts to quantify physiological differences between the races has yielded plenty of anthropological mumbo jumbo. In the early days of Darwinism, some European scholars suggested that the major races had each descended from a different species of ape: Caucasians from chimpanzees, the most intelligent nonhuman primates; Orientals from orangutans; and Negroes from gorillas, the biggest and blackest of all.

More recently, attention has focused on blacks' supposedly longer lower legs and skinnier calves, which are said to give blacks an advantage over whites in jumping and sprinting. Most evolutionists dismiss attempts to link race and individual excellence as silly. "The differences between the races are very small," says Harvard Paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould, "just tiny compared to the variation within races." When specialists compared the legs of Jesse Owens and Frank Wykoff, the leading black and white sprinters of the 1930s, they discovered that Ow-

ens' calf muscles more closely resembled the presumed white model, while Wykoff's were in the black mold.

How then could the Greek, who at \$500,000 a year presumably knew how to keep his football out of his mouth, say something so stupid? The explanation really lies in his subsequent warning that "if blacks take over coaching like everybody wants them to, there is not going to be anything left for the white people." Seldom does a public figure so plainly state what many whites seem to feel when blacks break into previously all-white enclaves: more for them is less for us.

Resentment of black advancement in athletics is especially fervent because sport epitomizes the ideal of male perfection. Many white men find it disturbing that a black might best fulfill that ideal (and might collect the accompanying glamour and money). Thus, after Jack Johnson captured the heavyweight championship in 1908, the urgent search began for a "great white hope" to reclaim the crown. Some 60 years later, when no white fighter could manage to win the title in the ring, whites took solace in a cinematic champ, Rocky. The current



In 1935 a physician takes the measure of Sprinter Jesse Owens

pro football season cast up another unsettling black breakthrough. Black quarterbacks for the first time started on three pro teams: Randall Cunningham for the Philadelphia Eagles, Warren Moon for the Houston Oilers and Douglas Williams for the Super Bowl-bound Washington Redskins.

In an earlier era, a black athlete, no matter how gifted, could not realistically hope to become a star pro quarterback. Coaches believed that blacks genetically did not have enough intellect to call plays. Also: white players would not accept the leadership of a black field general. And of course: blacks won't measure up in clutch situations—a view revived by the Greek in his statement that the Redskins' Williams might "choke" under pressure. As black Basketball Player Isiah Thomas pointed out last year during a storm of opprobrium about his views on Larry Bird, sportswriters are always dubbing black stars gifted or natural athletes while labeling white standouts brainy and hardworking.

No doubt years of daily hoops and playground stragglers could produce "natural" stars in the whitest suburbs too. The aspirations of ghetto youngsters, though, are distorted by another potent myth—one that ironically will be strengthened by the success of Cunningham, Moon and Williams—that professional sports can be a way out of poverty for a significant number of young black men. Only one of every 1,000 high school football players ever makes it to the pros—hardly good odds, as the Greek might put it. Those searching for a better life would be well advised to pour the energy they now focus on improving their slam dunks into hitting the books. Excluding, of course, *Mandingo*.

—By Jack E. White



The odds man out

Cinema



Two women at the turning point: Maggie Smith with Bob Hoskins in *Judith Hearne*; Judy Davis with Claudia Karvan in *High Tide*

Last Chance for Lost Lives

Maggie Smith and Judy Davis spark a pair of lonely-gal dramas

There is old-maidishness and there is the new celibacy. And everyone knows the cure for both of these unfortunate conditions: a man. Any man. The good news about these two small movies—*The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* and *High Tide*—is that they permit their heroines ambiguous triumphs over this conventional wisdom. The bad news is that neither movie dares triumph over the conventionally compassionate view of the women. Or, for that matter, over the limits of conventionally mannered filmmaking.

Judith Hearne took up permanent residence in the literary world's case load in 1955 when Novelist Brian Moore anatomized her "lonely passion." In Peter Nelson's screenplay, however, she is more a curio than a figure of powerful emotional relevance. This classic spinster (to whose portrayal Maggie Smith brings all

the right moves but nothing very individual) is a Dublin piano teacher. Naturally she drinks a bit. Sometimes she drinks a lot. Her timorous gentility suggests to her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins, with some of his spark plugs missing) the possibilities of untapped wealth—enough of it, anyway, to finance a restaurant he wants to start. To Judith, his mercenary advances read as a last chance for romance.

After a purging crack-up, Judith is able to throw away all her crutches—booze, religion, romantic fantasies—and totter off into Celtic twilight under her own renewed power. Director Jack Clayton (*Room at the Top*, *The Great Gatsby*) seems to think these mingly clichés speak volumes. With his smugly self-effacing camera style, he could use, as the Irish say, a "wee jar" to warm him up. His movie needs a big jar to warm up the viewer.

High Tide's Lilli (seething enigmatically under the tight rein of Judy Davis' performance) is quite like Judith Hearne. Rootlessly she ranges the Australian provinces as another sort of fringe musician, backup singer for an Elvis imitator. She too drinks, and though she will indulge in desultory sex, it is not a high priority with her. Most important, she too is presented with a last chance to turn her life around—to reveal her identity and reclaim her long-abandoned daughter Ally (the soberly lovely Claudia Karvan).

Unlike *Judith Hearne*, *High Tide* is not winy and overexplained. And under the direction of Gillian Armstrong (*My Brilliant Career*, *Mrs. Soffel*), the lead actresses have an honest naturalism that almost makes us forget the coincidences and arthritic manipulations of Laura Jones' script. But instead of calming our suspicions, Armstrong's camera work—all zip pans, fast tracking and erratic boom shots—reinforces them. Maybe she should take phlegmatic lessons from Jack Clayton.

—By Richard Schickel

Mad Monarch As Gang Lord

KING LEAR

At the 1985 Cannes Film Festival, Minimog Menaheem Golan sat down with Jean-Luc Godard and, on a table napkin, jotted down a movie contract. Cinema's old enfant terrible (*Breathless*, *Weekend*, *Hail Mary*) would write and direct a modern *King Lear*. Norman Mailer would play the mad monarch, Woody Allen the fool.

Guess what? Things didn't work out quite that

way. Allen, identified as "Mr. Alien," does deadpan a bit of Shakespeare's text. Mailer and his daughter Kate do appear briefly, but the novelist indulged in a "ceremony of star behavior" and left town. So Godard vamped. He hired Burgess Meredith to play a gang-lord Lear (with many Mailer intonations) and Molly Ringwald as Cordelia. And he turned the film into a cynical, pun-laden, nonlinear meditation on virtue vs. power.

"Are you trying to make a play for my

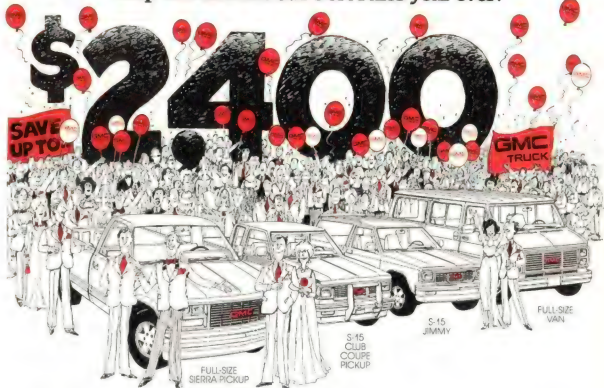
daughter?" asks Meredith of one William Shakespeare Jr. the Fifth (Theater Director Peter Sellars). Well, yes—and the play he wants to make for her is *King Lear*.



Supine Ringwald, spying Meredith

The film, though, could be called *The Comedy of Eras*. With his usual dour brio, Godard mixes allusions from five centuries of drama, painting, film. He presides onscreen too, speaking like a deranged Hitchcock, his hair a Rastafarian tangle of phone cords, stereo jacks and dog tags. The whole sport makes for Godard's most infuriating, entertaining pastiche in two decades. It's nice to know he is still making trouble, trashing the cozy citadel of narrative film. —By Richard Corliss

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Essay

Roger Rosenblatt

A Candidate with a Vision

Hard as it is to take, the reason that none of the presidential candidates is espousing a vision of America's future may be that there is no vision of America's future to be espoused. Citizen complaints suggest otherwise; if there is a general grousing point about the current 13, it is that much of the time they sound like tinkers or social science teachers, including candidates like Paul Simon and Pat Robertson from whom, for quite different reasons, the public might expect the expression of some grand comprehensive picture of national prospects. But, in fact, by speaking practically, the candidates may be doing all that is possible and advisable. Bruce Babbitt asks voters to stand up, literally, for economy-curing taxes. Robert Dole mocks "the v word." The closest any candidate comes to articulating a vision is when he calls upon America's compassion for the needy, but such calls seem meant to indicate that the candidate is warmhearted, and not, as Martin Luther King Jr. would have said, that he has a dream today.

One can pin the omission of a sweeping vision on the disinclinations of this particular batch of candidates, but the whole expectation of a national vision may be misplaced, as Charles Krauthammer suggested in a recent column, and it is worth considering why. Of use in certain industries is the phrase "mature product," customarily employed by a realist to deflate an optimist. The optimist will say that such-and-such commodity, although long on the market with a steady rate of buyers, still has a growth capacity in the millions. The realist will counter that the commodity is in fact a "mature product," and if it tries to overextend its natural reach, it will either flop, twist itself out of shape, or both.

Is America in 1988 a mature product? That is: Has it reached certain stations of progress to which dreamy visions are simply inapplicable? I am far from suggesting that the country has arrived at perfection, only that its most serious problems have attained stages of growth where no single comprehensive view may intelligently embrace them. Vision these days may be the modern equivalent of the prairie: it is what an empire looks for when it wishes to recall the thrill of expansion, and yet has no place to expand.

But look around and note the saturation points. American farming, which took so steep a tumble in the early 1980s, has recovered lately but only to a level where the surviving farmers look toward anxious stability, not flush times. Good news for American farmers and bad news factor each other out continually. Exports are rising, but the price of corn, for instance, is less than half what it was in 1982, and wheat has fallen 33% since 1980. The *Wall Street Journal* described the farm issue in a Jan. 8 headline: WHAT WAS A CRISIS BECOMES ONLY A PROBLEM. For every farmer unable to pay his debts, three or four others can actually buy more acreage. Debt delinquencies are lower, but so is the price of farmland, except in areas where developers want in. The entire farm economy

operates as if in a vast container, a silo; and since places like Iowa rely so heavily on Washington subsidies, you can be sure that for the near future, a small improvement is as good as life will get.

The same is true of American manufacturing. What appeared to be certain death for American industries in the first years of the decade now begins to look hopeful, but here again the projected growth is severely contained. The nation's industries were running at more than 82% of capacity in December 1987. That's good. But consumer spending is decelerating. That's bad. The value of the dollar falls abroad. Good. More countries are becoming industrial giants. Bad. All of industry these days talks like an executive fitness center,

in terms of slimming down and wising up. The brayings of protectionists suggest that the onetime home of swaggering competitiveness is beginning to see itself as a large island fort, and even if the protectionist mentality fails to carry the day (as it ought to fail), one rarely hears the opposite talk that the best is yet to be.

Meanwhile, looming over advancements in industry and decreased unemployment (below 6%) is the budget deficit, disabling the next generation of spenders from moving anywhere but toward reductions and caution. No visionaries need apply.

In terms of social ideals, the country may be reaching its natural limits as well. Incidents such as the Howard Beach killing in New York City serve to remind us that race hatred is ready to bubble up anywhere, but the fact

that the nation almost universally responded to Howard Beach as a disgrace and an outrage suggests how much progress, not how little, the ideal of equality has made. Thanks to the ardor of three administrations, the necessary civil rights laws are in place and enforceable, and the nonlegalistic thinking about social justice has advanced immeasurably. Any Jew, Hispanic or Asian American looking back uncomfortably to life in the 1950s cannot help seeing the 1980s as brighter, whatever the residual pains. Women lead virtually new lives these days, more complicated and more difficult, but also more just.

Even in terms of temperament, the country shows signs of becoming a more mature product. The tawdry antics of the TV evangelists last year helped to encourage the faithful to discriminate between superficial and serious religion. Movies such as *Broadcast News* urge the triumph of substance over shadow, as does the popular television series *L.A. Law*, which has recently turned its hand to social-action stories and away from money, its founding muse. Tom Wolfe, who has forged a career out of the superficialities of the times, now produces a novel about vanity, sensing that people may be ready to condemn the vacant, self-celebrating life. The plague of AIDS, in its own dark way, has contributed to a national maturing by forcing prospective lovers to confront one another as realities and not as players in a game.



In an atmosphere of various maturing elements and tendencies, it is hard to conceive of a presidential candidate coming up with a vision that would project a beaming future unless he were able to make an extraordinary leap of the imagination and foresee the future of the entire world. So interdependent are the world's markets and functions nowadays that any vision of America in the 21st century must logically entail America and the European Community, America and China and Japan, America and the Soviet Union, America and the planets and the stars.

That leaves the possibility of a vision of the future that involves the past. In 1980, and to a lesser degree in 1984, President Reagan articulated a vision of the past, but divorced from a peculiarly appealing personality, that vision would be very difficult for anyone else to re-create, assuming that any candidate other than Jack Kemp would want to do so. After the Iran-contras scandal, the instances of criminality in the Administration, and, more relevantly, the stock-market crash and that alpine deficit, Reagan's past vision may also have played itself out.

Theoretically, of course, a wholly different vision of past-future is conceivable, one that stresses personal and national frugality and emphasizes paying attention to political and business ethics and to the cracks in the nation's infrastructure. But few audiences rocket to their feet at the sound of the word bridge or tunnel, and even austere political visions have to be inspired by something more than good housekeeping. Americans know visions when they see them, after all; we have had more of them hurled at us than any civilization can properly catch.

You wonder, in fact, if the public quest for a candidate with a vision is really serious and sincere or simply the outcropping of an un-

spoken national desire to experience something emotional about the campaign as well as about the country one believes in. The failures of the Reagan Administration may have made people wary of looking at their country emotionally, and so the search for a candidate with a vision may be the people's way of asking their leaders to create emotions for them. Because of their performances on television, particularly the Marvin Kalb interviews, several of the candidates appear more capable now than they looked originally, but none seems about to play choirleader to the nation, and by expecting too much of them we diminish our capacity to appreciate their true worth. If America is becoming a mature product, then it may be time for the mature idea that the possible is the desirable.

Instead of demanding a candidate with a vision, we might more sensibly appreciate some of the candidates under

our noses who merely have plain old vision and who see clearly that no comprehensive view of America is likely to encompass its most troubling issues: the uses of wealth and power, the components of education, the poor, the homeless, the aged, the ill. We are at a point in this country where all the visions, liberal and conservative, have come and gone, and we are left standing among the quite specific and various problems that those visions either created or failed to address. No new mythic dream will clean up the mess, and no one really knows what to do about much of it. Yet we are still part of the original 200-year-old vision that saw America as a power wanting to be as good as it is great. The candidate who knows that, and who is willing to take the country problem by problem, perhaps to discover a vision by deduction, will not bring down the house with a speech this year. But he could grow up to be President. ■



Milestones

SENTENCED. Jon Lester, 18, a key figure in the December 1986 racial attack in Howard Beach, Queens, that left one man dead and another severely beaten; to ten to 30 years in prison for manslaughter and assault; in New York City. Lester and two other youths were convicted last December after a highly charged three-month trial. His accomplices in the attack, which drew national attention to the resurgence in racial violence, are expected to receive their sentences next month.

RELEASED. Joyce Brown, 40, New York City street dweller whose forced hospitalization sparked a court battle over the conflict between individual rights and social responsibility; from Bellevue Hospital; after 84 days. Brown, who slept next to an East Side Manhattan heating vent, was one of the first people picked up in Mayor Ed Koch's program to take suspected mentally ill people off the street. Brown now lives in a hotel and is considering job offers. Says she: "I was mistreat-

ed, mentally abused, and I will never, ever forget this."

HOSPITALIZED. Martha Graham, 93, pioneer choreographer of modern dance; for tests after a bout of dizziness; in New York City. Graham returned to the U.S. last month after a Scandinavian tour with her dance company.

DIED. Percy Qoboza, 50, black South African journalist and outspoken opponent of apartheid; after a heart attack; in Johannesburg. At his death he was editor of *City Press*, South Africa's largest black publication. Two of his previous newspapers were closed down by the white minority government. From 1980 to 1981 Qoboza was a guest editor at the now defunct *Washington Star*.

DIED. Angelo de Mojana di Cologna, 82, Grand Master of the Roman Catholic Knights of Malta since 1962; in Rome. As leader of the oldest existing order of chiv-

alry, he directed 10,000 members as well as charitable hospitals and medical research centers in 90 countries.

DIED. Philippe de Rothschild, 85, bon vivant vintner and member of the international banking family; in Paris. After taking over his father's declining Bordeaux vineyards in 1922, Baron Philippe built his Château Mouton Rothschild into a maker of top-ranked wine and established the practice of estate bottling. Pablo Picasso, Salvador Dali and Marc Chagall were among the master artists commissioned to design labels for each year's vintage. A noted member of French intellectual society, Rothschild produced plays, wrote poetry and did translations of English works. He was a champion yachtsman and an auto enthusiast who competed in Grand Prix races. After fleeing from the Nazi invasion of France, he joined De Gaulle's Free French Forces in London and landed in Normandy.



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